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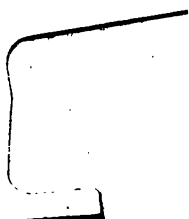


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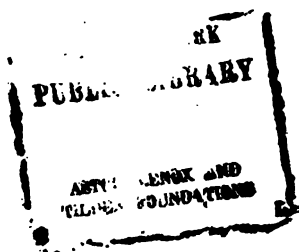
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THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

AND

JUVENILE SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY

MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

1836

E'en in their pastimes children need a friend,
To warn, and teach them safely to unbend;
And thus is levied with an easy sway,
A tax of profit from their very play.

COWPER.

LONDON:

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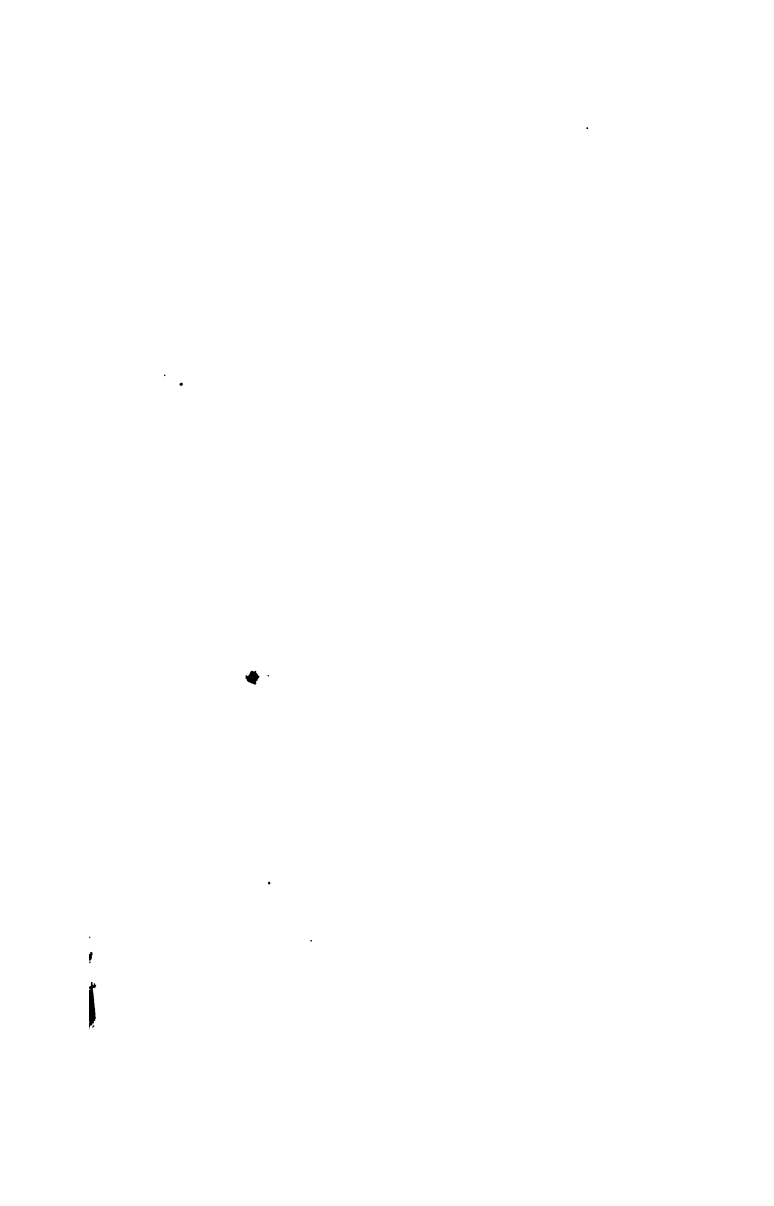
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THOUGHTS ON PASSING THINGS,

BY A DOG AT HIS OWN DOOR ;


WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

CHUMPY, MR. CHUMP'S DOG.

WHEN I have nothing better to do—or when I have read too long, and require relaxation—I sometimes spend half an hour at my window, in looking on at the playful little children at their cheerful games,—no uninstrusive sight in its way, —or at such other scenes and sights as a window in a populous thoroughfare will generally present to observing eyes. One of my favourite sources of amusement, at such idle times as these, is an occasional glance over-the-way into the open shop of my friend Mr. Chump, the butcher. Mr. Chump is a very respectable man, and a man of importance in the parish : Mrs. Chump, a large, noble-looking woman, is even more respectable

than her husband ; indeed, her good name,—short and familiar, and undignified, as it may be,—is in every one's mouth, and by all is pronounced with a respect much akin to love ; and well does she deserve the homage which is paid to her, for she is a very kind, feeling, fine-hearted woman—good to the poor of her neighbourhood, and doing numberless little acts of kindness even to the rich. Mr. Chump, a little, podgy, round, rosy, cheerful man, is looked up to with equal deference as a good neighbour—admired for his fair dealing ; for the handsome manner in which he sets out his shop, giving it somewhat of a pictorial appearance ; and for his simple, unostentatious, habits and manners : for he is wealthy and well-to-do, as the phrase is, and might, if he were so disposed, “ give himself airs,” and be a more showy sort of man than he is.

But if Mr. and Mrs. Chump are interesting persons well worthy to be known, there is a member of their family even more interesting : this is their old dog Chumpy—so called by themselves ; and this affectionate diminutive of their own name given to their faithful four-legged friend seems pleasantly expressive of the good-humour of the worthy couple ; who, knowing perhaps that their name was not one of the gravest in the world, to show how superior they were to a jealous prejudice, so named poor Chumpy, and thus made him, as it were, a member of their family. Chumpy



is worthy of such an adoption ; has many of the family peculiarities ; and follows his master in more ~~steps~~ than one. If Mr. Chump is punctual in all his habits, so is Chumpy : he is indeed the most punctual dog in the world. I have noticed that he comes to the door regularly every day and barks once exactly at one o'clock, Greenwich time. I have often speculated upon this custom of his, but never could make up my mind as to its significance. Mr. Chump dines accurately at one every day—perhaps that has something to do with it ; for as soon as he has made this proclamation of “the true time of day,” the half-hatch of the shop-door is shut by Mr. Chump himself, and Chumpy is seen leisurely crossing the shop into the dining-parlour, and you see no more of him till the cloth is cleared. If Mr. Chump, as churchwarden of our parish, is unassuming—he looks, when sitting in the loftiest and handsomest pew in the church, untouched by pride of place and condition, and when the service is over walks through the two rows of his humbler fellow-parishioners with just the same easy, good-humoured smile and unaffected demeanour that he wears in his shop,—Chumpy is equally unassuming. I never observed that he smiled as he followed his master from church, but he expresses his good humour just as well by an affable wagging of his tail as Mr. Chump does by shaking a hand or lifting a hat. Chumpy, too, affects no sort of superiority

over his lumber four-footed fellow-parishioner, and is, I believe, as indifferent to the dignity of the churchwarden's pew as his modest employer; for it must be told that, though dogs are not proper occupants for any part of a church, Chumpy somehow seems to have obtained that unusual privilege. It is true he was opposed by the beadle for some time, but unsuccessfully, for the pew being so near the door, if turned out, he always slid into church again. Finding how well he conducted himself, the objection was at last waived by those severe functionaries, upon Mr. Chump making himself responsible for his good behaviour; and he now accompanies his master to church, as he does everywhere else. It is, indeed, instructive to observe with what composed and decent gravity he demeans himself, as he sits quietly on the red-cushioned seat between the two churchwardens. But, then, Chumpy is an intellectual dog, and thinks—I don't know whether, among his other accomplishments, he does not even read; for it was but yesterday that I observed him looking a long time and very steadily at a stray leaf of some waste-paper poet lying on the ground of the shop, as though he was learning off the lines by heart. That he thinks, and thinks deeply, and that he is a very close observer of "men and manners," I am certain. See him sitting at the door every day exactly at half-past one, dinner being over, the bustle of business having subsided, and a little

easy leisure being permitted him, and you will think with me that *he* thinks. There is then a calm, thoughtful seriousness in his face, as he complacently looks up and down the street, which you will sometimes look for in vain in the countenances of biped philosophers. Socrates could not show so grave and reflecting a set of features ; nor so fine an expression of benignity in his eyes. In the corners of Chumpy's mild, hazel-coloured eyes I have sometimes thought I could detect a sly relish of humour ; but I may be mistaken. I have never heard him laugh aloud that I remember, but I have heard him bark in a very peculiar way, expressive of unusual pleasure, when anything tickled his fancy ; and I have seen him wag his tail in a rapid manner from side to side, in a sort of ecstasy of emotion, when anything more than common was going on. But beside his reputation for good humour, our friend Chumpy has the character of being a philanthropist—in his way. It was but the other day, old as he is, that he saved a poor boy from drowning, to the great gratification of a hundred humane people, and the astonishment of his master, who did not know that he could swim, and, with tears in his eyes, saw him bring the lad ashore. It was a sight to see Mr. Chump snatch up the boy and carry him to a surgeon's to recover him, and, when he was safe, to behold him hug and embrace his old friend Chumpy as if he *had been his child that had done a brave*

thing, and carry him home, wet as he was, in his arms, as proud of him as a Grecian father of a son who had conquered at an Olympic game. "I knew he was a good-hearted dog!" was his brief encomium on his old friend as he related his achievement to a crowd of admiring neighbours. This act of instinctive humanity gained for the good Chumpy an enviable fame far and near, and he was courted and caressed by high and low, rich and poor. He bore the applauses of his admirers with his accustomed careless indifference, as if he thought he had done nothing extraordinary; held up his head no higher than usual; and was the same easy, unaffected fine fellow as ever. He is, you will perceive, getting fast "into the sere and yellow leaf" of life, and is a little grey, and somewhat heavy with flesh, and wheezy from a constitutional winter-cough; but he is as generous-natured, and affable, and approachable, and as much a child's playfellow, as he was in his youth. All the little children love him, and maul him, and pull his ears and his tail with impunity: he knows not what it is to be angry with them, let them do what they will. Being the largest dog in the neighbourhood, and naturally brave, and considerate of the weaknesses of others, he is, as if by common canine consent, the champion of all the oppressed dogs of his district. Mr. Chump, though he always had a great opinion of his prowess, would never suffer it to be exhibited except when it was

necessary ; for, though a butcher, he always properly considered such exhibitions to be low, cruel, and brutal ; and if he had not thought them so, Chumpy would not have fought for fighting's sake to oblige him : if he combats, it is in defence of the weak, and it is a matter of principle with him. No dog of less than his own weight, strength, and courage, therefore, dare lord it over his puny friends and neighbours. I would not for fifty guineas be the cur guilty of an act of tyranny if it comes under the eye of patriotic Chumpy, for he has a very summary method of calling such fellows to account ; and he is not to be deceived by frivolous excuses, and idle apologies about "the heat and passion of the moment." If any unhappy-tempered dog, therefore, imagines and goes about to compass a wrong thing, let him either abandon it or keep clear of the penetrating good sense, and equally penetrating good teeth, of the discriminating and courageous Chumpy.

Having thus introduced these few biographical particulars of the life, character, and behaviour of my four-footed friend, I shall conclude with merely pointing him out to the notice of my readers. It is now half-past one, dinner is done in the parlour, and Chumpy, as usual, "true as the dial to the sun," is at his old station at the shop-door, enjoying his afternoon look-about him. If you have eyes that can discern the workings of the mind in the face of anything, and have ears sharp enough

to catch up the smallest whisper of the audible, —look and listen ; for thus Chumpy soliloquizes :

“ Well, as Mister Chump is taking his forty winks, and Mistress is up stairs dressing for the afternoon, and as the weather is fine, and I have nothing to do, I shall take my daily lounge at the door, and indulge myself with a look up and down the street. It is ‘ my custom in the afternoon,’ except indeed when the rain beats in at the door, and renders me uncomfortable in my own feelings, and my dear Mistress intolerant of my wet coat coming in contact with her beautiful bright steel fender and fire-irons. Save when I am guilty of this little inadvertency, I never know her to be angry with her old friend and shop-keeper, Chumpy.


“ There—no sooner am I at the door than I am again assaulted by that young scapegrace, Dick Wilkins, who, because he is forced to go to school turns spiteful with every smaller boy, or little girl, or harmless, unoffending dog, that comes in his way ; smuggling the marbles of the one, the sugared slice of bread and butter of the other ; or selecting the largest stones, or bones, or ugliest jagged bits of broken wine-bottles he can find to fling at the last. If that boy does not come to an untimely end, I know nothing of physiognomy. The cub is an only son ; and an only son is always made, by the foolish fondness of his parents, either a milk-sop, whom the winds of heaven must not

blow upon ; or if he has a propensity to vice, is permitted in it, because the darling must not be snubbed. I thank my stars that I was one of a litter of nine, or I might have been spoiled as thoroughly as Dick Wilkins !—There—here comes stone the second of a series of sixty, all intended for me, as if there was not another dog in the parish to fling at but me !—Some afternoon I'll give that young gentleman something more than a bark, if I can but catch him by the heel. Oh, come, he has let me off to-day with only half a dozen, not one a hit, as it happened ! And now poor Pincher over the way, because he dared to bark in disapprobation of his attack on me, is catching it. Hah ! that *was* a hit ; for Pincher, I know, would not cry out if he was not hurt—he is too good a dog for that. Another ! really this is too bad !—Some one has said that there is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue ; certainly there is. A nip through Master Dick's corduroys will, perhaps, teach him to respect the bones of me and my neighbour—he shall have it. Hah ! hah ! my young fellow—you are like the rest of the tyrants, terrible till you are opposed—and then you are nothing. So—he is gone ; and poor Pincher is licking his bruised leg in peace. I shall therefore return to my door-step and my cogitations. Mrs. Wilkins, over the way, opens her window ; that is something for me !

know : yes, there's a plateful of scraps ! She flings them over the wall—well, I forgive Dick's ill behaviour for her sake ! That's a beautiful bit that lodges on the wall, and that black Tom at No. 7 pounces upon it ! Some day I shall have an explanation with him upon that head. No, no, better thoughts, Chumpy. It is natural enough that Tom should take what Tom can get : poor fellow ! he is not so well fed as you are, if one may judge from his lank sides ; and you do not want these spare bits, for the waste of the shop is surely enough to supply all your needs. It is very true—I cannot deny it, and, if I can help it, I will not be greedy. I have often thought of giving up these perquisites to my poorer neighbours, and I will. There, don't be afraid, Pincher, you are heartily welcome to partake of

“The goods the gods provide us,”

especially upon this particular occasion, when you have got yourself lamed in my behalf ;—not, indeed, that I required your aid and assistance, but the spirit that prompted you is what I look at. Pincher is, if I may say so, a pupil and *protégé* of mine, and he does me no discredit ; for he comes of a good stock by his father's side—is a genteel, good-looking young puppy enough—carries his tail well—shakes a rat with skill and courage—is inoffensive in his manners, and pays the most profound deference to



me in public on all occasions—all marks of general good sense and docility. Take that bone to your own door, Pincher, for here comes that quarrelsome ruffian the brazier's dog. Don't fear him—he will not touch you when he sees my eye upon him—he knows better since I shook him and a thievish companion of his half out of their skins. He does not forget that, I can see, and if he ever should, and presumes to play the bully in this street, I'll remind him of it by serving him up the same meat with the same sauce. There he goes, sneaking along, affecting not to see me ; but he shall hear me, though. That growl has sent him scampering down the street—his tail between his legs—the cowardly cur! And now, Pincher, you may pick your bone in peace.

“ Hah ! here comes Puss from next door to pay me a visit, as usual. Tibby and I are on the friendliest terms ever since I protected a kitten of hers from that savage cur. Do some creatures a kindness, and they seem to take some pains to forget it, as if it was very troublesome to be a little grateful ; they cut you next day, and won't know you. Not so with Tibby : she not only looks up to me as her friend, but she has trained her little tabby son, Tom, to look up to me, too. Not to be conceited, I observe that my neighbours generally have confidence in me. ~~To be~~ sure I am the largest

dog in the street, and the oldest inhabitant, and have a reputation for prowess. They used to think me a surly fellow, because I did not encourage idle acquaintances about the shop—fellows who, under the pretence of friendship, came sneaking about to steal, if they could. They know me better now—at least my honest friends do ; and as for the rogues, I do not much care what they think of me, so long as I know how to estimate myself. So Tibby rubs her nose against mine affectionately, and makes much of me ; and little Tabby pokes between my legs, and pats my tail when, pleased with his innocent liberties and happy playfulness, I wag it good-naturedly ; and then I make believe to bark at him, and he puts down his ears and stares at me with his small gooseberry eyes, as if astonished at the noise I make ; then, picking up fresh confidence, he returns to his sport, and pats my face with his velvet paw, and bites my ear ; and then I put my foot very gently upon him, holding him down ; and so we romp together.

‘ Were his antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of his own exceeding pleasure !’

As for poor Tibby, she is much at home at

our house as at next door ; and as we have no cat of our own, she even catches an occasional mouse for us, in a neighbourly way—the rats I look after myself. Our maid Betty calls Tibby to take the spare milk, and off she runs, and little Tom tumbles down stairs after her, for he can't walk down.

“ Ho, bless me !—dear me !—well, to be sure !—why, it cannot be !—yes, it is that finicking, fine creature, Fanny, Miss Higginbotham's spaniel ! The weather being so favourable, and the streets partially dry, we are to be indulged, and may, if we like, look at her ladyship !—Only observe her airs ! and how she minces and picks her way along, as if the stones were not clean enough for her delicate white feet, the conceited small wretch ! I wonder whether Miss Higginbotham put that affected tail of hers into curl-paper before she went to bed last night, that she thinks so much of it and is so conscious of its graceful gentility ? Do, somebody, help her over the gutter ! I wish she would permit me ; but I am too rude, and might forget the distance there is between us. There, Master Pincher, you are served exactly as you deserved !—you must go courting and fawning upon her, and she treats you with contempt ! I hope you have been taught a moral lesson which you will not forget. You are not fine fellow enough for her, I tell you, and she has let you know as much. She

has cut *me* ; what, then could you expect ? I remember, one day, going with our Jack with a trayful of chops to the Higginbothams', and when he knocked this Miss Fanny came to the door. I trust that I know myself too well to be unmannerly ; but when she glanced at me disdainfully, and tossed up her head with an aristocratic sniff, as who should say, ' Oh it's only the butcher's dog ! ' I must confess that I was mortified, and felt an inclination to be saucy and severe. And when the maid began scolding me for spotting her clean steps, she must join in and bark at me ! The Higginbothams are good customers, ' or I would have taught her better manners I warrant me.—Ah, Pincher ! you ought to have known,—but that is the worst of you, you are slow to learn,—that she thinks herself of gentle blood, and high bred, and a beauty ! —There's Chloe, at No. 9, she *is* a beauty, barring that black spot on her nose, and *she* thinks nothing of herself—gives herself no airs ! That is the beauty I admire, which is not conscious of its comeliness. I am glad she is gone, the fiddle-faddling fine creature !

“ So—here comes that wretched poor woman who stole some of the stale meat the other day, and thought I did not see her. I did see her, though—and the look she cast on her famishing children before she took the scraps. I saw that it was for their sakes alone that she did it. I

winked at it then, but really I cannot do so a second time. But here comes our Jack, and I have therefore no need to exert my vigilance, for Jack will look sharp enough after his own perquisites. The poor woman does not wish to steal, but endeavours, with her small means, to buy. Our Jack is a good-hearted lad : seeing her poverty and hungry looks, he has let her have for a penny what he meant to have sold for fourpence. He will never be any the poorer, I will prophesy that.

“ Ho, so ! Mistress Chump is down again ; and Master has had his forty winks and one or two over. His best pair of top-boots were cleaned to-day : that’s as much as to say he is going out. He is—he puts on his white hat ; that indicates pleasure and not parish business. He looks at me ; I understand his good-natured glance—I may go with him. He reaches his stick ;—Jack—mind the shop, for we are going out. There—there’s Jack at that old cracked flute of his again. I am glad I am going out of the sound of its noise.”

C. W.

THE FLOWER-LESSON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

“ COUSIN Marion, come and see
What these pretty flowers may be.
Yester-morn my brother John,
Ere the shining dews were gone,
He and I set out to go
To the heights of Eder-low,
And these flowers grew by the way ;
What their names, I pray thee say ?”

Thus, upon a summer noon,
In the flowery month of June,
Spoke a little country-maiden,
To her cousin, flower-laden ;
“ Here is bud, and here is bell—
What their names, I pray thee tell ?”

Down the merry maidens bent,
Each upon her task intent ;
Happy-hearted child was each,
This to listen, that to teach.
“ Here is bud, and `here is bell—
What their names, sweet Marion, tell ?”

MARION.

This, the Ladies'-mantle, see—
Silken, as it ought to be,
Folded, fan-like, with such care,
As for rare Queen Mab to wear.
That,—in way-side woods it grows,—
Is our English Guilder-rose.

AMY.

In a little running brook,
Where came never fisher's hook,
Where the birds build all unhurt,
Grew this flower.

MARION.

'T is Money-Wort ;
Well I love those shady nooks,
Love this flower, and love those brooks.
This,—the Water-Violet,—

AMY.

In a meadow-pool we met,

Where the stately Water-Lily
Lay so marble-like and stilly !

MARION.

This,—Oh yes, I know it well,—
Is the English Asphodel ;
In the turfy bogs ye found it,
Brown Asmuda growing round it.

AMY.

Where the shining lizard hideth
Where the speckled viper slideth.

MARION.

Where the spicy Sweet-Gale springs,
And afar its odour flings ;
All among the Mosses many,
On those wilds so brown and fenny,
'Mong the Wortle-berries crude,
In a trackless solitude,
Shining out, like sun-shine yellow,
In a picture old and mellow,
Lay the beds of Asphodel ;—
Golden flowers !—I love them well !
These—the Columbines, dark blue—

AMY.

In the woods of Eder grew,
Nodding on their graceful stems,
Like to sapphire diadems.

MARION.

This,—the bearded Way-side-Barley,—
Groweth late and cometh early,
Dry and husky, crisp and hard,
Like this grass, the wiry Nard.
Ah, and here's the Wormwood hoary,
And the yellow Fumatory,
And the trailing Snap-dragon ;
These love ruins, every one.
In some ancient place they grew.

AMY.

Cousin Marion, that is true,—
On the Abbey's ruined wall,
In the dry turf grew they all ;—
This sprang in the woods above—

MARION.

That strange plant is called True-love,
Four round leaves and one dull flower,
Fitted for enchanter's bower.

AMY.

Here's the sky-blue Periwinkle.

MARION.

There the Sundew's diamonds twinkle ;
This,—its name I scarce need tell,—
Is the scarlet Pimpernel ;
'Mong the budding corn it grew.

AMY.

Marion, look ! this flower so blue,
On the rocky heights we found,
In the cairn-stones' mossy round,
Where the cool, fresh breezes blow
On the top of Eder-low.

MARION.

Yes, I know the breezy hill,
Solitary, stern, and still,—
Yes, with eager feet I've ran
For the blue Valerian.
—Dear to me that old hill's crown,
With its turf so dry and brown,
And its ring of mossy stone !

AMY.

Would that we that love had known !

MARION.

Dear to me the raven's cry,
Sounded as it soareth by ;—
Dear to me the grey-faced sheep,
Standing timidly to peep
But one moment, then are gone !

AMY.

Would that we this love had known !
But, sweet cousin Marion,

On the morrow let us go,
Thou with us, to Eder-low,
Brother John right glad will be ;—
We shall make a merry three,
Let us on the morrow go !

MARION.

Happy thought !—to Eder-low !





MISS MARY'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

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R

L

But I can't stand for trifles—I long to be there—
All the world and his wife are now off to the Fair!

Oh! mother, look here; it is actually shocking!
A stitch has just dropped in my clean cotton stocking!

Did you e'er see the like? What on earth shall
I do?

I'll be bound Sally Wilkins's stockings are new—
This is worse than all else, for I did not intend
To-day to have anything on with a mend!
Tommy, let go my arm; la! I really believe
You have squeezed out the starch from the frill of
my sleeve;

You're a terrible plague, sir, a troublesome cur;
Sally Wilkins will take no young brother with her!
I heard her refuse—and I'm greatly to blame
That I do not get angry, and serve you the same.
Well, only be quiet—you know it's a joke,
But really you children are fidgetty folk.
Sit down for a minute, and then I declare
I'll give you a penny to spend in the Fair!

Now, mother, a pin:—it must be very small,
And stuck just above the deep fringe of my shawl;
Be careful: I can't bear the pin to be seen,
So lift up the corner, and put it between.
My dear shawl! I do trust that no ill will betide
it—

Sally Wilkins's new one is nothing beside it!

Dear mother, I long to be off! pray make haste,
For remember I have not a moment to waste ;
To Richardson's play I shall certainly go ;
And the Wild Beasts will cost me a sixpence, I
know :

They say there's a pig that can pick out his letters,
And spell you a word just as well as his betters.
Sally Wilkins should pay him a visit with speed,
For though she's so fine, yet she never could read ;
And perhaps she may feel in her wonderment there,
That dunces may learn from a pig at a Fair !

Oh! mother, I'm sure that my shawl is awry ;
And I really believe there's a sty in my eye!
And now it's too late, I'm convinced, on reflection,
That this nasty green gown does not suit my complexion ;

Sally Wilkins said *that*, but I thought it a slur—
So I bought it, because it was nothing to her!
Please, mother, my bonnet—Good Gracious! I
think

I'm greatly improved by this lining of pink—
Though I am in a hurry it must be untied,
And put just a *lee-tle* bit more on one side.
Pink *would* be becoming I very well knew,
And poor Sally Wilkins has chosen a blue.
But it's no fault of mine if she does not look nice,
For not once in a year will she take my advice ;
Yet I really do wish, I protest and declare,
That she'd bought a pink lining to sport at the Fair!

Dear me! how the wind has got up! how it whirls!
And just as I've taken such pains with my curls!
And, mother, do look over yonder—oh, my!
What a terrible cloud has come over the sky—
And what a strange pattering there is on the pane
—I really believe 'tis beginning to rain!
Poor Sally! I hope she is not in the Fair,
For she'll hardly be able to shelter up there;
What a pity to spoil all her things! they're all
new!

Oh, mother! I really can't think what she'll do!
Come, Tommy, don't cry—if it rains, why it rains,
And you will have only red eyes for your pains;
And then you will look like a picture of sorrow,
When you start on the same expedition to-morrow.
But see! all the clouds have gone by over there,
And it looks in an instant quite pleasant and fair;
The few drops that have fallen will answer, I trust,
To cool the green hedges, and settle the dust.
So now we'll be off—I'll just fasten my strings,
And ask you, dear mother, to tidy my things;
For I'm sure you'll remember, as truly you may,
That the chance of a Fair does not come ev'ry day.
Sally Wilkins may say what she likes—now I'm
dress'd,
I am perfectly certain I'm looking my best!

THE DEPENDENT CHILD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I.

YES, you may deem my station blessed,
No hardships now I bear,
In russet frock I am not dressed,
Nor fed on humble fare ;
But yet my heart the home recalls,
Where once I played and smiled ;
I pine within a stranger's halls,
A sad dependent child.

II.

The owners of this stately place
Came to my Father's cot,
They said my lovely form and face
Deserved a better lot ;
With honied words, and golden store,
My parents they beguiled,
And to their lordly towers they bore
The simple cottage child.

III.

Awhile, how fleetly flew the hours,
What more could I desire
Than winning looks, and birds, and flowers,
And toys, and gay attire ?
But soon those looks grew changed and cold,
Those eyes no longer smiled,
But frowns the thoughtless mirth controlled
Of the dependent child.

IV.

Disdain I now have learned to brook,
And sadly pass my days,
The very menials on me look
With stern unfriendly gaze ;
My merry laugh and free caress
Were coarse and rustic styled,
And now they blame the sullenness
Of the neglected child.

V.

How oft I mournfully reflect
On scenes far, far away,
Our cot with clustering roses decked,
My sisters at their play ;
My Father's song when work was o'er,
My Mother's accents mild—
The smiles and kisses each would pour
On *their* gay happy child.

VI.

I know I sometimes wilful prove,
And heedlessly offend,
But my *own* Mother gently strove
My failings to amend ;
'Twas Nature's yearnings made her bear
My spirit high and wild,
She could excuse, forgive, and spare
The weakness of her child.

VII.

My courtly patrons feel for me
No fond parental glow,
I meet no fellowship in glee,
No sympathy in wo ;
If in respect I chance to fail,
Ungrateful I am styled,
And guests are told some humbling tale
Of the poor peasant's child.

VIII.

Mothers, whom sportive children bless,
Preserve them yours alone,
List not to those who would profess
To love them as their own ;
Think how *you* felt, when on your knees
Your precious infant smiled—
Could you with feelings warm as these
Turn to another's child ?

IX.

Though gold awhile may blind the eyes,
And pride the feelings quell,
Still Nature's laws and Nature's ties
Will triumph o'er their spell.
Oh! let this truth to all appeal
By worldly lures beguiled,
None, none a parent's love can feel
For an adopted child!

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THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

Oh, we hae miss'd ye sair, Mither, the whiles ye
hae been gane,
And sadly by the ingle nook my Father sat alane ;
And oh ! how lanesome and how lang the weary
hours hae been
Sin' ye read me frae the picture-book the fairy
tales at e'en.

Oh, we hae miss'd ye sair, Mither, while ye hae
been awa ;
The bonnie doos ye loved to tend sat moping by
the wa' ;
The merry, merry, minster bells mair sadly seem'd
to ring,
And the bullfinch wi' his mournfu' voice amais't
for'gat to sing.

Oh, Mither! we hae miss'd ye sair, mair sairly than
ye ken ;
When the darksome winter night came on I sought
for ye in vain :
I looked upon my Father's face, but tears were in
his ee,
And, Mither, when we knelt and pray'd, our hearts
were full o' thee.

But oh! I miss'd ye maist, Mither, when alane I
ganged to bed,
And the fond "Good-night!" was over and the
evening prayer was said :
I dinna ken what made me greet, but mony a
night I wept,
And I thought how ye were used to come and kiss
me ere I slept.

Then tell me, tell me, Mither dear, ye'll gang
nae mair awa',
But bide wi' me, and Father, and the bonnie doos
and a' ;
And I'll promise ne'er again to greet, and ne'er,
oh ne'er do wrang,
And again we'll a' be happy as the simmer days
are lang!"

ANSWERS FROM FAIRY-LAND.

I.

"WHAT are the drops whose crystals gleam
Where the fountain's spiral waters stream
Like shining heaps of gather'd spears?"

"A Pyramid of Tears!"

II.

"When violets hang o'er the scented air
Why wanders low the south wind there?
What world within their sweetness lies?"

"The Paradise of Sighs!"

III.

"And what the leaf of crimson tinge,
Curling above its mossy fringe
That trembles all the long night through?"

"The lip that drinks the dew!"

IV.

“ And the deep low tone that cometh
Where echo of the west-wind roameth,
And through the wild reed sighs in vain ?”
“ The hollow voice of Pain ! ”

V.

“ The soft and milky way that lies
Deep in the star-shine of the skies,
What is it to the dewy night ?”
“ The memory of Light ! ”

VI.

“ And what the rich and balmy breath,
Floating from many a wild-rose wreath,
In perfume sweet, from blossom'd bowers ?”
“ The Spirit of the Flowers ! ”

THE LOUIS D'OR.

A TRUE STORY.

AT the commencement of the year 1793, M. de la Fère, with his wife, his son Raymond, about fifteen years' old, and his daughter Juliet, who was twelve, and an old man servant Roch, with a lady's-maid, left France to settle in a small town in Germany. They had taken with them from home a sufficient sum to live upon for a few years ; and having fixed upon a town in which there were no French, and where they knew no Germans, they thus hoped to lead the life best suited to their tastes, and without greater expense than they desired. They trusted, by dint of well-regulated economy, to pass their time of trouble in tranquillity, and in continuing the education of their children, who, unacquainted with the anxieties of their parents, thought only of enjoying the novelty which each change of *place* presented.

Although Monsieur and Madame de la Fère were distressed at leaving their country, and still more so at the daily sufferings of their friends, they did not think it desirable to communicate their uneasiness to their children ; for whom, on the contrary, they procured every little pleasure suited to their age and means that presented itself. They had lengthened their journey to visit different objects of interest on their route ; and they had only arrived at their destination a few days, when their landlord, M. Fiddler, told them of a fair of great note, and well worth seeing, at a few miles distance from the town. They accordingly hired a carriage, and thought to avail themselves of the favourable opportunity of seeing the surrounding country, which was very beautiful.

They set off early in the morning in good spirits, and took provisions with them to dine in the fields ; it being the month of June, they rambled so long about the fair that it was ten o'clock before they reached home. They were somewhat astonished, on their arrival, that the servant they had left at home did not come out to assist them to alight ; they thought that he too must have gone to the fair with the lady's-maid, whom they called in vain, and they did not know how to get in, as the door was shut, M. Fiddler not having returned home. At last *a little boy* came back, who had been left to

keep house, and who had gone out to walk ; he opened the door, and having got a light from a neighbour, he gave M. de la Fère a letter which had arrived during his absence. He stopped to read it, and after having done so, became so absent, that he did not hear the lamentations of his wife and children. They ran to him, spoke to him, and drew him from his reverie, and showed him all the closets empty ; the desks forced, their money, their jewels, everything gone. Roch, and the lady's-maid, whom they had been obliged to engage without any recommendation, and who was found to be as bad as he, had given them reason for mistrust during the journey, and they thought of sending them back to France, of which, perhaps, they had some surmise, and had therefore profited by their master's and mistress's absence to rob them. This they did the more easily as the apartments occupied by M. and Madame de la Fère were detached from the rest of the house, and on one side looked on the adjacent country. The open windows and doors on that side left traces of their departure ; but there was no possibility of following them at this hour, and no hope beside of reaching them. This town was on the frontiers of two German States, and there was no doubt that they had entered the neighbouring state ; beside, there were many indications that they had taken precautions

against pursuit. Nevertheless, M. de la Fère went to the magistrate of the town to give his evidence and take the necessary steps for the recovery of his property.

When he returned, his family had scarcely recovered from their consternation. Juliet wept, and Madame de la Fère, although nearly overcome herself, tried to rouse her and to appear cheerful.

Raymond, who understood German, stood talking to M. Fiddler, who, on his return from the fair, had heard of their misfortune, and hastened very kindly to offer his services, which Raymond repeated to his mother and sister. M. de la Fère thanked him in German, and M. Fiddler fearing to intrude, very considerably took his departure.

When they were left alone round the single candle M. Fiddler had lent them, M. de la Fère embraced his family and made them sit near him; he sat sometime silent, as if thinking what he should say. "Papa," said Raymond, "you told M. Fiddler you hoped you should soon get all your affairs settled; does the letter you have just received say you will soon receive money from France?"—"Quite the contrary, my boy."—"How, on the contrary!" cried Madame de la Fère, in great anxiety. Her husband pressed her hand, and she was *silent*. He had accustomed her not to give

way to her emotions before the children, that they might not be too much affected by the vicissitudes of their lot. "We can no longer depend, my dears," said M. de la Fère, "upon any succour from France. All our property has been seized, and God knows when (if ever) we may recover it."

Madame de la Fère turned pale, but said nothing; Juliet wept, and trembled; whilst Raymond, leaning on the back of a chair, listened attentively to his father, whose calm and steady manner in a great measure relieved him. "We now possess nothing but what we have upon us, and that trunk of clothes in the corner, which our depredators either forgot or found too heavy to move. Of all our money, there is nothing left but this louis d'or," said M. de la Fère, "which I had in my pocket." "Oh, dear," cried Juliet, "what will become of us!" Her father embraced her. "Patience, Juliet," said Raymond, who saw that his father had something to propose, and whatever it was he was anxious to hear it, and perform it. M. de la Fère continued: "A louis, my dears, may be a great resource when one knows how to avail oneself of it. We cannot live without working, we must find out how." Madame de la Fère said she knew how to embroider, and M. Fiddler could probably recommend them in the town. "Yes," replied M. de la Fère, "but that is not sufficient;

before the introductions are of use, and we get the work, and it is finished, the louis will be spent, and my watch, which is the only thing we have to sell, for they have taken Raymond's, will not afford a very considerable fund. We must find some means to prevent our resources being exhausted.

Juliet said, that M. Fiddler had offered his aid so kindly, that he could assist them until their work brought them in something to live upon. "We ought not," said M. de la Fère, "to accept of the assistance of others until we can do nothing for ourselves; have you courage enough to undergo eight days of severe privation?" Every one answered, "Yes;" and Raymond added, "Even if it were to live on bread and water." M. de la Fère shook his son's hand; Juliet turned to her father with a melancholy look; and Madame de la Fère, first looking at her husband and then at her children, could scarcely restrain her tears. M. de la Fère forced himself to behave with great firmness.

"Listen to me, my dears," said he; "I hope you will agree with me, that a week's suffering will be but little if it will save us. This is my plan:—our lodging is paid for for three months in advance; we have a trunk of linen, which will suffice for three weeks without washing; it is summer-time, we want no fire; the days *are long*, by rising and going to rest with the

sun, we shall not want any candles : so that, without spending anything, we are in these respects quite at ease for a week, and clear of every real suffering. We have only to pay for our food, and by confining ourselves for a week to absolute necessities—to bread alone, my dear Juliet,” said he, tenderly embracing his little girl, who was still on his knee, “we shall be able to employ a part of our louis in buying some materials for you to embroider with, and for me and Raymond to paint screens and different ornaments, that M. Fiddler will perhaps sell for us. In a week, probably, we shall have gained something by our labour. If we have longer to wait, I have my watch ; and I will answer for it, with resolution and industry, before that money is exhausted, we shall do very well, and be free from all uneasiness.”

Raymond, who was roused by his father's words, kissed his mother and Juliet, who was still crying a little—“Only think, Juliet, a week will soon be passed.” It was not that Raymond was less fond of good things than Juliet, but he was capable of giving up better when necessity required it. Besides, this event had made him feel that a man requires double courage ; and poor Juliet, fatigued by the day's pleasure, yielded to the surprise and grief of the moment. The gloomy room, so dimly lighted by a single candle, every thing so dark around

her, made her wretched, she scarcely knew why. Her mother comforted her, and she soon went into that sound sleep which succeeds children's grief; when she awoke in the morning, she was quite invigorated and animated. Her mother had already made all the purchases necessary to begin her work. It had been the fashion, before she left France, to wear little lawn handkerchiefs embroidered with silk; and although this fashion was now old there, it had not yet reached Germany, and the inhabitants of the town rather aped French fashions. She bought all that was necessary for one handkerchief, and other silks for embroidery, and pasteboard and paints for her husband and son. All these cost about fourteen francs; ten francs remained, which they locked up, to purchase provisions for the family.

Madame de la Fère felt somewhat uneasy at the sight of the small sum that remained; but she thought of the watch, which secured her children from wanting bread; and she was so much accustomed to rely upon her husband's resolution and courage, that so long as she saw him untroubled, she could not be very anxious. M. de la Fère, on his return from buying bread for his family, met M. Fiddler, who sympathized with him, and repeated the offer of his services; he was warmly thanked, and promised, that if necessary, he should be applied to, and M. Fiddler, the most discreet of men, said no more.

On entering the room where the family had assembled, Juliet saw her mother and Raymond already engaged in repairing an old frame which they had found ; and M. de la Fère was designing the wreath they were to embroider.

The room was enlivened by a brilliant sun, and the view from it was magnificent. Juliet had forgotten the sorrows of the preceding evening, and began very cheerfully to help her mother and her brother. The wreath was soon designed, the lawn stretched on the frame, and they had apportioned their tasks and begun to work.

During this hour, M. de la Fère had began to paint a pasteboard work-box, whilst Raymond, who was very handy, cut and glued the pasteboard, and helped his father with the easiest parts.

After having worked some time, Juliet became hungry, yet she dared not say a word ; but Raymond having asked his father if breakfast was ready, he opened a cupboard which contained their bread. " Here," said he, " is our kitchen for a week." Then he cut for his mother and sister some bits of bread, which he said were selected with the greatest attention. For himself, he cut his bread into five or six pieces, and made one represent cutlets, the other a leg of mutton, another a slice of ham and an egg, which made them laugh, and from that

time they did not fail whenever they ate their bread, to amuse themselves by giving to it the names of the rarest dainties. Although Madame de la Fère did not fail of making Juliet and her brother take a walk every day in the road near the house, yet the handkerchief was finished in three days.

M. de la Fère had also finished a work-box, with a landscape of the view from their house on the lid, and the sides were ornamented with an arabesque border. M. Fiddler, with whom M. de la Fère consulted, recommended them to a lady in the town who understood French. Madame de la Fère went to her, accompanied by Juliet, who, although reluctant to go, felt a sort of pride in having done something useful. The German lady received them graciously, and bought the handkerchief for a louis d'or, and the work-box for twelve francs. She also told Madame de la Fère that she thought she could sell others for her. They returned in high spirits: "Mamma," said Juliet, on their way home, "we have made such a good day's work, may we not, for to-day at least, have something nice to eat with our bread?" Madame de la Fère replied, that it must be as her papa liked; and when they related their success to him, Juliet repeated her request. "My dears," said M. de la Fère, *addressing Raymond and Juliet*, "if we indulge

to-day, it will be more difficult to fast to-morrow ; and if we do not continue for a whole week, the fruits of our industry will be lost ; for we shall be always straitened to buy materials necessary for our work ; instead of which, a little fund beforehand would put us quite at our ease." " Come, then," said Raymond, running to the cupboard, and cutting a large slice of bread, " here is pigeon-pie for to-day." " But, my dear Juliet," said her father, " I have only advised what I think the best for us ; the money that we possess is in part gained by you, it would not, therefore, be just that you should be prevented from disposing of it as you like ; so, if you wish it, I will give you your share, and you may do as you please with it." Juliet kissed her papa, and assured him that whatever he liked best she should like, and the money was all devoted to the purchase of fresh materials. If Juliet had more difficulty for the next few days in swallowing her dry bread, to which Raymond in vain gave the most inviting names, she consoled herself by calculating with her mother the number of hours and minutes they had to pass until the week was out, and then how many minutes it took to make a flower, which much shortened the time ; for if Juliet had not finished her flowers in the time she had given herself, she thought that it had passed too quickly. She was very glad they had not

sold the watch, and felt a little self-satisfaction in thinking that by their industry it was saved. By dint of working constantly, they became more expert, and learnt quick ways of getting through their work. In five days they had finished two handkerchiefs and three boxes, and to complete their joy, the German lady sent for them. She had had a party the preceding evening, and her handkerchief had been much admired ; she also exhibited her work-box, and many were ordered, beside purchasing those already made. Juliet was much elated with her success, and she ate her dry bread very heartily before she went out, thinking that, according to all appearance, she should make a better dinner that day. On her return, she helped her mother to prepare it, and but for this experience she could never have believed there was a pleasure in peeling onions, cutting carrots, holding a greasy spoon, and roasting herself by the fire on a hot summer's day to skim and stir the soup. Her mother wished that to-day no other work should be done. Raymond and Juliet laughed till they cried, at all the foolish things which their excited spirits prompted them to utter. M. and Madame de la Fère were so happy in seeing their children enjoy themselves, that they half forgot that they had ever had any sorrow.

With what infinite satisfaction did Juliet help

her brother to lay the cloth, and set out the table with some spoons M. Fiddler had lent them. Just as they were going to put the dinner on the table, Raymond ran to tell Juliet that Chevalier de Villon, an old friend of their father's, whom he had not seen for years, having left France long before they had, had just arrived in the town, and was coming to dine with them. "How fortunate!" said Raymond, "that he did not come yesterday," and he went out to meet the Chevalier. "He is just come to take away part of our dinner," said Juliet, in an ill-humoured tone; for it seemed to her that the least change would diminish the exquisite pleasure that was prepared. "Juliet," said her mother, "if during the last week you had met with a friend who wished to share his dinner with you, you would have been very glad, although you did deprive him of something?" "It was because I thought that M. de Villon did not want it," said Juliet, looking down and thoroughly ashamed of what had escaped her. At this moment the Chevalier entered; his clothes almost in rags, and so pale, so thin, that Madame de la Fère could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. The Chevalier, with his natural gaiety, said, "You see me before you in the uniform of a French nobleman, who is not quite sure of having eaten anything for two days." Madame de la Fère looked at Juliet, who, with a piteous expression,

seemed to ask her to forget what she had said. The Chevalier sat down—indeed he could hardly stand ; but his cheerfulness did not forsake him as long as his strength remained ; but it seemed declining at every sentence he spoke. Juliet ran to lay a knife and fork for him ; she placed a chair near the table for him, and when the soup was helped, and the Chevalier out of politeness offered her the first plate, she so earnestly entreated him to keep it, that he could not resist. She turned to her mother, of whom she seemed to be asking pardon for her former selfishness. Madame de la Fère smiled at her, and joy again entered Juliet's heart. She was at last helped herself, and she thought nothing was ever half so good before. Raymond, who used to fancy he did not like carrots and turnips, did not leave a morsel on his plate : —a piece of beef, and a dish of vegetables, appeared to this family a splendid repast. How delighted was the poor Chevalier to find himself seated under a roof and in the midst of kind friends. How much he delighted Raymond and Juliet in relating his campaigns and adventures. M. Fiddler, knowing that M. de la Fère had a friend to dine with him, begged to be allowed to send him two bottles of wine ; and M. de la Fère, who no longer feared the necessity of having recourse to his *charity*, could not refuse his friendly present.

M. Fiddler's wine had restored the Chevalier's strength, his originality, and his hopes. By the time dinner was over, he had forgotten that he had not a penny, nor a shirt, nor a sole to his shoe, nor even a whole coat; his friends forgot it too; and for this day the future was forgotten, and the whole party enjoyed that happiness which no one can imagine who has not suffered. At night, M. Fiddler lent a bed to the Chevalier, who slept in the room with Raymond, who could scarcely rest for thinking about his new companion. The next morning M. de la Fère said to the Chevalier "You must remain with us, my friend, but everybody works here—what can you do?"—"No great things I am afraid," said the Chevalier. "I can keep house and go errands, and cook,—if there be anything to cook;" for they had told him of their week's fasting. "Oh, I had forgotten, I have wonderful talent in mending old clothes, for example," he said, displaying the rents in his coat from top to bottom. Every one laughed; but, on examination, it was found to be well darned all over. "That is the only accomplishment of which I have hitherto made use—set me to work, perhaps I shall develope some others." It was agreed, for the present, that he should employ himself on the remains of his coat, and confine himself to doing the hard work of the house, and

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execute commissions, which were numerous and often wanted in a hurry.

A few days afterwards, M. Fiddler kindly consented to give them, instead of the drawing-room they occupied, a smaller one adjoining a garden, which the Chevalier engaged to cultivate, and which, in due time, furnished them with fruit and vegetables. He cut and prepared the paste-board for boxes, and screens, and chimney-ornaments, and watch-pockets, that M. de la Fère and his son made. Their works were much sought for in the surrounding country. The Chevalier took them to the neighbouring fairs, where he also bought other things cheaper than he could in the town in which they lived. M. de la Fère gave him a commission on all he bought and sold, which he in turn repaid them for his board; and thus he began a little trade, which he conducted with great advantage to them all.

Raymond occasionally accompanied him, and thus began to familiarize himself with business. As for Madame de la Fère, she had soon so much to do that she was under the necessity of employing assistants, and at length took a shop, where people came for French fashions, and the Chevalier contrived with much difficulty to get new patterns regularly from France.

When their circumstances had so much improved that they had no reason to fear a

second fast, M. de la Fère said to Raymond and Juliet, "My dear children, up to this time you have laboured for the common good, it is just that you should now work for yourselves; here is a louis d'or; you know what use can be made of it; use it on your own account." They took the money with a smile, and made so good a use of it, that they provided for themselves nearly all the time they were in a foreign country; and when M. and Madame de la Fère, after a few years, returned to France, they found that they had acquired sufficient property to purchase a small part of their estates which had been sold, and the Chevalier de Villon lived with them, being able to pay them liberally for his board. As for Raymond, he had acquired habits of industry, and a knowledge of business, and Juliet activity and economy. She had also learned not to close her heart to the misfortunes of others, which often happens to those who are occupied with their own sufferings. In the midst of these trials, and the painful situation in which they had been placed, Juliet saw how truly a small sacrifice might remedy a great misfortune. It was the louis d'or which had taught her this useful lesson.

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THE WIZARD OF OZ

by L. Frank Baum, Author of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" and "The Road to Oz"



THE LITTLE "SHROPSHIRE."

EVERY one is, more or less, familiar with the beauties of a summer landscape, and there are perhaps few persons, however closely "in populous city pent," who do not luxuriate, either in reality or imagination, among shady woods, green fields, or breezy heaths, on the periodical return of the dog-days. Cities and towns are then deserted ; the young and the old, by common consent, hasten to lay aside the cares and incumbrances of artificial life, and seek in the face of nature a renewal of that freshness of feeling delightful to all, but perhaps best appreciated by those to whom it presents the two-fold charm of medicine and novelty.

And yet I am almost tempted to believe that, to the real lover of nature, there are sometimes sights to be seen in the depth of winter that may vie in beauty with the brightest summer

day—a sunshiny morning after a thick hoar-frost—or an extensive landscape covered with untrodden snow ; the former scene presenting to the eye of fancy thousands of beautiful combinations peculiar to itself.

“ Towers, domes, pinnacles, and temples rise,” as by enchantment, in a single night ; and then how delightful is it to watch the almost imperceptible destruction of these icy fabrics ; to see them slowly melting away, and to mark each familiar object gradually resume its wonted form. All this is very delightful, and yet it can scarcely compare with the majesty of a wide extent of country buried in snow—the stillness—the uniformity—the lightness—the purity ;—a landscape cut in marble ! Surely nothing can compare with this ; and yet how seldom will even the genuine lover of nature take the trouble necessary to enjoy this sight in perfection. Beaten roads must be forsworn, towns and villages eschewed, damp shoes disregarded, and devotion to appearances utterly set at nought. Such as can be content to make these sacrifices, may, on a winter day, see the fairest sight under heaven, and thus reap an overpayment of delight for all their previous trouble.


It was in prosecution of this, my favourite enjoyment, a few years ago, that I met with an incident which deeply interested my feelings at the time, and which therefore may possibly produce a

similar effect upon my young readers. I happened to be paying a Christmas visit to some friends in the country ; the fine autumn weather had extended, with little intermission, to the end of the year ; and on the beginning of a new one, when everybody began to despair of having cold weather at all, a deep fall of snow arrived—to set the matter at rest. Intense frost succeeded, which was, in its turn, followed by other snow-storms : so that towards the middle of January the country presented something of the appearance of a Lapland season, and offered the lover of a winter landscape as perfect a one as heart could desire. Such a chance was not to be lost, and accordingly, one bright afternoon (as time is measured in the country) I resolved on taking a long walk. My friends happened to have a pensioner, whom they wished to see, living on the borders of an extensive Common, and thither we resolved to go.

The snow was frozen so hard that the ground was perfectly dry ; the air was cold and bracing, and the sun, though not of sufficient power to melt the snow, added cheerfulness to the scene. Our way led through an ornamental Riding, bordered by fir-trees and ending on the verge of an almost interminable heath, whose only vegetation consisted of immense furze-bushes, with here and there a few stray roots of broom and heather. The prospect was extensive enough to satisfy the

most insatiate lover of nature in her wildest mood ; but I looked in vain for the appearance of a human habitation ; none was to be seen, except a trim game-keeper's lodge, pretty and picturesque, but evidently of an order that placed its occupant far above want. I was told that the cottage of which we were in search was within a hundred yards of the spot on which we stood. I looked round on all sides, and at length a faint wreath of smoke, apparently rising from the ground, led me to the spot, and there, down an almost perpendicular ravine of fifty feet stood half a dozen miserable huts. I could hardly believe that any one, from choice, could have fixed on such a site for a dwelling—but, alas ! there is a poverty so extreme that no alternative is left to it.

We descended the bank, with much difficulty, by steps cut in the earth, and in a few minutes arrived at one of the cottages—it consisted of a single room on the ground floor, and was of the most miserable description. A ladder, instead of stairs, led to the loft or chamber above. The house was tenanted by a widow and her son, who seemed to possess literally nothing of this world's goods, except three chairs, a table, two pipkins, and a good provision of firing, stowed in the corner, but which half filled the room. The latter was a most welcome sight to us ; a fresh fagot was thrown on the hearth, a cheerful blaze soon



sprang up ; and after our hostess and her visitors had spoken for a few minutes apart, she had leisure to give me some account of her mode of life.

I found that all the cottages were tenanted by furze-cutters,—people who supply bakers with fuel for their ovens, and who usually fill up their spare time by digging for sand, or working in the neighbouring pits for fullers'-earth. The wages for this kind of work are at all times very small, and at this particular season were unusually so ; they were also in great distress from want of full employment. She said the huts were built near to the by-road for "convenience"—it could not be for the benefit of a prospect, for the only view from the windows was a bank as high as the one we had descended ; and I could not help remarking aloud the extreme solitude of the spot—its total seclusion—I could hardly help adding,—its extreme wretchedness. The poor woman, who seemed to possess the gift of a cheerful spirit, replied—"It might seem desolate to strangers in the winter, but, in the summer, the sheltered situation and the sweet smell of the furze made it quite pleasant."

As I felt there would be no kindness in gainsaying this opinion, we prepared to take our departure ; and had got a few yards from the house when we were stopped by a young woman, who begged "we would just step into Master Clarke's and speak a word of comfort to his

poor lone children." It was already nearly dark, and we were about to decline the invitation, when the woman, who seemed to anticipate a refusal, stepping lightly before us, pushed open a door, and, then retreating a step or two, pointed to three children, who by the faint light of the fire we saw cowering round its embers, weeping bitterly. This was an appeal not to be resisted ; we therefore went in, and were about to make some inquiries when, on turning to shut the door, we saw, with no little horror and amazement, the dead body of a man stretched on two deal boards and covered with a blanket ;—a sight so totally unexpected and appalling struck us dumb for some minutes, during which time, the woman, with much circumlocution, proceeded to make us acquainted with the following particulars :

She said the deceased had resided in the cottage about fourteen years ; that he worked on the common, and had been a widower for the last three years ; that he was too poor to support a housekeeper since the death of his wife, and that the family had been managed by the eldest of the children, a girl of ten years' old, with such occasional assistance as the neighbours could supply. She added, that a few weeks previous the poor man had been seized with acute ague, which ended fatally, three days before ; as she believed, "from want of sufficient nourishment and com-

forting things." The poor woman paused for a moment, and then added, "Indeed the neighbours did what they could, and took it by turns to sit up with him at night, but they were very badly off themselves, and John Clark,—poor man!—had a high spirit, and did not, till the very last, apply to the parish officers for aid. The doctor," she said, "was very kind to him; and the Keeper, too, often brought him a rabbit; but then the children looked on whilst he ate it, and he couldn't do no less than share it with them, for the poor things were dreadfully pinched for food." At this moment the suppressed sobs of the children burst forth, and they wept as those that refuse to be comforted.

It is mercifully ordered by Providence that acute grief should not long press heavily on the heart of childhood; and, thinking to divert it in some degree, I spoke cheerily of their new home (the workhouse), and told them they would want no more, and that, if they were good and kind to each other, God would be a father to them, and raise them up friends who would care for them. I was about to point out many advantages which awaited them, and which at present they were strangers to, when I was interrupted by a violent burst of agony from the eldest girl, who, in a paroxysm of despair, wrung her hands, and in a low, determined voice repeated "No, no, I cannot—I will not—eat parish bread."

At this outbreak the woman, turning to my companion, said it was on this point she had sought her aid to talk the child into reason. She said that the overseers of the parish had been up to the house in the morning, and had given directions for the funeral on the following day; after which the children were to be removed to the workhouse of Wavendon; but that the eldest girl, who had been a most notable and obedient child hitherto, stoutly declared she would not go. She remembered, she said, "her mother, when she was very ill—it was long ago—but she well remembered seeing her put her hand on her father's hand, as he sat on her dying bed, and heard her say, 'John, you must work very hard, when I am gone, to prevent the children *eating parish bread*.'" She said she "did not then know what it meant, but that she did now, and that, indeed, indeed, she could not go to the workhouse or eat parish bread!"

It did not appear advisable to argue the matter with the child—necessity has no choice. The evening was rapidly closing in, and we were in haste to be gone; therefore, whilst my friend was speaking apart to the woman about the family, I put half-a-crown into the hand of the child, and we left the house of mourning with heavy hearts. Quick walking brought us rapidly home, and the rest of the evening was spent in devising means for best assisting the destitute family.


The next day I returned to town, and a letter the following week informed me, among other things, that the two youngest of the poor orphans had been removed to their new home; but that on the return of the cart which had conveyed the body of the labourer to the grave, the eldest girl had mysteriously disappeared. The children said that their sister had followed the procession to the cross-road, as they supposed, to see the last of their father; that she cried very much; that they themselves were very cold and did not go; and when the neighbours came back she had not returned, though two hours had elapsed; and from that hour the child had neither been seen or heard of.

* * * *

About two years and a half from the time of this incident I was residing for the summer months in a cottage situated in the grounds of one of the largest market-gardeners near London. As I used to spend much of my time in the open air, I gradually became much interested in the details by which London is supplied with fruit and vegetables, and soon became interested in the various operations that were going on.

To a stranger, whole fields of gooseberry and currant-bushes, intersected by avenues of apple-trees, presents a very novel and agreeable sight; to say nothing of the same extent of strawberry-beds, the fruit of which is sent a distance of

reasoned with herself, and that she did resolve on doing her duty and going to the Poor-house with her sisters and trying to get a place of some kind from thence ; but that when the neighbours had all gone to the funeral, and she was left alone with the children, her horror of the workhouse had returned : she added, that she followed the procession to the cross-road to see the last of her poor father, and that, having the half-crown in her pocket that I had given her, she suddenly determined on making her escape, and trying to find her way into Shropshire, from whence her mother originally came, and where her grandmother was still living. She said she did not dare to return for anything, and therefore made her way across the common to the great north road, and arrived there just as it was getting dark. She was much frightened, and almost wished herself at home again, but that she walked on till she was quite overcome with fatigue ; and the first night crept into a cow-shed by the road-side and cried herself to sleep. She awoke, before it was light, very hungry, and pursued her way to the next village, where she got something to eat ; and on the second day, when she was quite foot-sore and heart-broken, a kind waggoner, who happened to be going within five miles of the hamlet in which her grandmother lived, compassionating her wretched appearance, allowed her to ride as far as he went. She said she



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reached the abode of her relations drenched with rain and completely travel-spent. She described, with much feeling, the consternation of the aged couple on her first arrival, and their subsequent lamentations on hearing the fate of her father and the destination of her sisters. She said that the old people were very kind to her—supplied her with clothes, and that on the return of the spring she “came up with some neighbour Shropshires to work for herself;”—she added, that they kept her among them, and gave her a shilling a week as wages, and that this was the second summer she had earned her own living. She added, she was very happy.

I then inquired the present condition of her sisters, and was grieved to learn that the eldest was in the Blind Asylum at Wallworth, having lost her eye-sight by a flash of lightning. She said that her sisters, with other children, went to glean in a harvest-field; that they strayed from the rest, and that a thunder-storm suddenly coming on, they had not time to reach the shed where their companions had found shelter; they therefore sought refuge under a tree, and ere the storm was over a flash of lightning had split the tree and deprived her sister of sight forever. The gentry in the neighbourhood had interested themselves greatly on this occasion, and the best advice was obtained, but without effect; but, she added, through their means the child was received into

the Asylum, where she had been taught to weave sash-lines, make baskets, and do many other useful things.

I need hardly say that this unexpected renewal of my acquaintance with the little orphan was agreeable to both parties. I could not avoid respecting the feeling of independence which led to the exertions of the child on her own behalf, although it was carried to a blameable extent; and I was pleased to have the story fully confirmed by the women under whose charge she then was. They gave her an excellent character both for diligence and docility: and thus she lives, fulfilling her baptismal vow, by striving truly "to do her duty in that station of life unto which it has pleased God to call her." Are all my young readers equally in earnest in striving to do theirs?

DAYS AT MY GRANDFATHER'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS."

"TELL us something more about what you did when you were a boy," said the children, as we drew round the sofa before the fire one evening. "Why," said I, "really, I think I have told you everything. I have told you of our adventure at Spidenloft ; about the coal-mines ; about our school-days ; and about—I know not what. I think you know my boyish history as well as I do myself." "Nay, nay," was the reply, "you always find something fresh ; so pray go on."

"Well then, let me see ; have I told you of the days I used to spend at my grandfather's ?" "Oh, no !" said they, clapping their hands, "that will do !—Days at my Grandfather's !—that will do. It must be something very old-fashioned, and that is just *what we like to hear.*" "It is about the

country at least, and that is what I like to talk of ; and what I wish you to learn to love, for the country is full of peace and beauty, and the love of it is connected with the best and purest feelings of our nature.

“ Well, you know where my grandfather lived ; —it was at the Fall, below Heanor, a village of Derbyshire. His ancestors had lived there for many generations, and his son, now an old man, is living there too—the last of his race. When he goes, the family and the name go from the Fall. You know it is a pleasant place. It stands on a verdant lawn facing the south, near the bottom of a wide and extensive valley. From the front windows you see pleasant uplands running southward ; and at the top, from amongst trees, rise the tall, square tower of the church, and the tops of the village houses ; and behind, again, stretches away a fine expanse of the other side of the valley, showing its sloping fields and hedgerows, trees, and scattered farm-houses. The lawn aforesaid is a famous place for young flocks of turkeys, guinea-fowls, and pea-fowls, wandering about in the summer months, and for mushrooms, which used to seem to spring up as fast as we could traverse the field, and gave us many a chase in collecting them at morning, noon, and evening, in their season. Behind the house was the farm-yard ; and there were various dogs in their kennels,—greyhounds, and pointers, and spaniels,—for shooting and cours-

ing might be said to be, rather than anything else, the business of the Tantums for ages. And here was a fox in his kennel, too, which used to lie with his bright eyes winking and pretending to be asleep, to see if he could not beguile the fowls, by his apparent unconsciousness, to step within the circle his chain had made before his kennel. But they knew him too well ; they walked with the utmost composure on the very verge of the ring, but never in the smallest possible degree within it. And there were the pea-fowls climbing upon the trees, and the walls, and house-tops, and crying like great cats, but with voices of tenfold power. And there was the great goat,—about which I shall tell you presently ; and there were the cows, and the great strong bull, and the ferrets, with their red eyes ; for my grandfather had a rabbit-warren, and used these little, lithe animals to go into the rabbit-burrows and catch the rabbits. And there was old Ralph the raven, that your Mamma has told you of, that carried off the silver spoons, and thimbles, and I know not what, from the house, and buried them in the thatch of the barn,—and that was afterward shot by a man at a fair, whither poor Ralph had followed some of the family. And I'll tell you what, there was a starling that had had his tongue slit with an old sixpence, and been taught to talk, and he used to sit in a sunny gutter over the kitchen door, watching the servant maids going in and out about their work, and would say, ' Molly

Gibson, why don't you milk the cows?' or 'Molly Gibson, you've left the gate open!'

"Well, these things you may be sure occupied our attention, and caused no little excitement for many an hour; and then the house was screened on the north by a tall wood, where the rooks built by thousands; and below, this wood was again flanked by a plantation of dark fir-trees: and many a day's intense occupation did we find there in seeing the young rooks in spring shot with a cross-bow; in running to catch them as they fell; in climbing to get at them when they got entangled in the boughs of some of the lower trees. The trees that contained the nests were high, and full of tender-hooks—there was no climbing them; but the lower trees it was grand fun to mount, and shake their long boughs, where the dead rooks had lodged, and send them tumbling to the ground. That wood in spring was full of primroses, and such is the force of association, that I seldom see primroses without thinking of rooks, or hear rooks cawing without seeming to smell primroses. And all amongst the low boughs of the fir-trees there were throstle and blackbirds' nests in spring, almost without end. Well, you may be sure this old house of the Fall was a tempting place to us when we were children. I used to go and stay there for a week or a fortnight at a time; and, as it was only about half a mile from home, I could run up there *any time*. My grandfather had one son, and he was

a great sportsman, and was the person I have told you, on a former occasion, who used to take his gun in spring, as an excuse, and go a bird's-nesting with us through the lanes and woods for miles round ; and we were very fond of running about with him to see him shoot, and to carry his bag for him in the shooting season, full of hares and partridges ; and sometimes of winter birds, snipes, woodcocks, wild ducks, and such like things, till we could hardly move under them. The old gentleman's sporting days were over, but he was very fond of telling us of them ; and he used to take his two sticks, and hobble out with us into the fields to show us pewits' nests, and young pewits, and fire-tail nests in the holes in the walls of the barn ; and to tell us how huge flocks of small blue pigeons used to come sometimes in winter, and cover all the roofs of his buildings, as thick as possible. ' But,' said he, ' I don't know how it is, they don't come now-a-days.' And then he took us to the brook which run winding along the bottom of the field at the back of his house. A beautiful brook it was, turning and winding here and there, all under the shade of alders and willow trees, and great bushes of hawthorn, and hazles. I say, it was a delicious place ; for the water, in some places, went chiming over the gravelly bottom ; in others settling into deep pools beneath the overhanging roots of great trees ; and in others *spreading itself* out in the sunshine, without a bush

about it to keep off the open day, but between green sloping banks which it was delightful to rest upon.

“ I think there is a world of pleasure in such a brook as that. What a quiet, yet deep, delight there is in lying, on a warm summer day, and hearing the waters run with a silvery, lapsing sound, and seeing it throw little circles of light on the bank and the boughs above it ; and to see the little shining flies, with their long legs, marching about on its surface ; and others, like little beetles of bright blue steel, all in one place keeping up a dance of such mazy intricacy as is wonderful. And to see the water-rats come peeping out of their holes, and plop into the water. And the fish dart past like arrows ; or come up out of some deep place all unconscious of your presence, and therefore as full of a quiet laziness as possible ; balancing themselves on their slowly-waving fins, and come up to the very top of the water, in the face of the sunshine, and bask in it with an evident and intense delight ; and then turn slowly down again ; or, at a glimpse of you, go off with a jerk and a dart inconceivably swift. Ay, and to see the great pike lie basking on the water as still as a floating stick ; and see all the birds—the blackbirds and thrushes that always haunt such places ; and the little chiff-chaff, and the wren ; and the king-fisher, skimming past with a quick cry, or sitting with his red breast *full opposite* to you, on some old, mud-covered

bough over the brook, watching for his prey. And here to fish and to bathe ; to splash into some place deep enough for fun and not deep enough for danger, some half dozen of you, laughing, shouting, leaping, frisking, splashing and dashing and rioting—oh ! that is glorious game on a summer's day. Yes ! there is a world of pleasure in one of those old brooks ; and one might write a whole paper on it ; but I was only going to say that the old gentleman took us there, and showed us where, when *he* was a boy, he saw something, a little round thing, shining and twinkling in the grass ; and he fetched his father's gun,—he so little, and it so big that he could hardly carry it,—and shot at that shining thing, and running to the place, he found he had shot—a woodcock ! and he showed us, again, where as he was walking with two of his dogs, they suddenly, and to his great surprise, started a fine buck, with great branching horns, from a thicket. The buck plunged into the stream, and the two brave dogs plunged in after it, and held it down, and he only awoke from his astonishment by finding himself also in the water with his knife in his hand, and the buck slain. The old man's eyes sparkled as he told us how he ran and called to his men for help, and how they carried the buck home, and skinned it, and cut it up, and set up its horns on the kitchen wall, and there they are to this day. Was not this a good adventure ? But I must tell you of *an adventure of our own at this brook,—not a*

sham adventure, but a real one,—not such as I used to amuse my good grandfather with, as the old man sate in his easy chair—a set of imaginary occurrences that I cannot tell how they got into my head, but at which the good old man used to laugh amazingly,—as thus : ‘Grandpapa, as I was going along such a hedgeside, I had like to have found a hornet’s nest ; and I went a bit further, and I had like to have found a snake ; and then I went a bit further, and I had like to have found a great gimlet.’ The old man’s amusement at these cock-and-bull stories of a boy, probably gave the stimulus partly to invent them, and probably to relate what I had some sort of childish apprehension that I might find. But our real adventure was this.

“ We used to go, several of us, to catch fish in the brook, by lading out a pool. That is, we got spades, and, stripping off our clothes, we went into the brook, and made a bank across it with turf and stones and earth, completely cutting off the stream, and damming it up. This was done just above some deep pool where we supposed there were fish. We then made a bank across below the pool, and with a kind of basket, there called a wisket, we set about, and laded all the water out of the pool. You may be sure we worked away famously. There we were in the stream, naked as frogs, and smeared all over with clay, like brickmakers ; and no time was to be lost, lest the weight of the stream above *should break down* our embankment. And every

now and then it began to give way ; and the boys set to watch it, and keep it up, cried out for help, and then away we had to run, and dig, and pile up fresh turf, and strengthen our mound, and then turn again to our lading. As the water began to get low, and we began to see the fishes, we were full enough of bustle and glee. The bankers and the laders could not be kept to their work, but came to run after the fish, and there was pretty scrambling and catching at the slippery fishes, that darted about from one side to the other of the pool. Sometimes we were running over one another ; sometimes we came slipping down in the mud, and plumping over head in the slushy water ; and while we were all so busy and so full of laughter, in would come the water with a great burst and half drown us, and we had our bank to build up and our lading to begin anew. But when all these frolics and accidents were over, and the pool was nearly empty, then there was glory and joy over the great fishes that flapped their tails and tried to escape us, but could not ; we carried them out with shouts of exultation, and put them into the baskets.

“ Well, we had been thus engaged one fine summer day, and with our baskets full of fish we climbed up the bank of the brook, let in the water, and, after washing ourselves well, prepared to put on our clothes, when, behold !—where *were* our clothes ? There had been a thief ! Hats and *jackets*, and *stockings*, and shoes, were gone by

had alleviated, as far as possible, the sufferings of his widow, and finally she had bestowed a mother's care upon his child, when its own mother was no more. Her affection for Louis was of a different and far tenderer nature: for Antoine she would willingly sacrifice all her little pleasures and amusements, but for Louis she would gladly have laid down her life. She *felt* this difference in her sentiments, without attempting to analyze them; while it influenced her conduct to an extent of which she was not herself aware. Towards Antoine her behaviour was always frank and affectionate, as was authorized by the relationship which, for so many years, she believed to exist between them; their actual position was entirely forgotten in their intercourse, and failed to place that restraint upon her manners which she thought was required by propriety towards a young man who was wholly unrelated to her. But the first sound of Louis' voice reminded her that he was not her brother, and the constant monitor within her breast rendered her conduct towards the two brothers so different that poor Louis thought himself almost an object of aversion to his pretty foster-sister,—endured, perhaps, as the son of her benefactors, but for his own sake shunned and disliked. It is no wonder if, conceiving his *presence* to be disagreeable to her, he should *rather* avoid her company, and thus assist in

vestments from those that were left, and send him to give notice of our misfortune. But then came the strong conviction of the anger of our relatives, and the scoldings and the thrashings, for some were poor lads, to whose parents a suit of clothes was no trifle. At this idea another general crying ensued, but it was of no use. Night was coming on—the air began to grow cold, and go we must. We therefore put on such odd things as happened to belong to us. One comparatively happy fellow had a shirt, another a pair of trousers, a third a jacket, and another a pair of stockings, or perhaps an odd one, or a pair of shoes only. I shall never forget the wretched figure we cut, and the wretched faces we had, all red and smeared with tears that we had nothing wherewithal to wipe away, as we set out on our homeward road. We were truly a weeping and self-accusing company, and full of fears of what was to follow. But when we drew near the Fall, and our apprehensions were growing awful, what did we behold? Truly, nothing less than the assembled household, all at the door watching for us, and all in one great roar of laughter. The old man was sitting in a chair, placed for him on the lawn, and was laughing till tears ran down his cheeks. My grandmother was obliged to hold her sides, and the great Buck Tailor, as we called him, the man with the flat nose I have told you of on a former occasion, stood in the midst and *laughed louder than all!* Well, at the sight

of this we all shrunk together of a heap, and began crying faster than ever ; but the more we cried, the more they at the house-door laughed, till the shrewdest of us began to suspect the truth—that it was a joke of somebody's ! and so it proved ; for presently, the Tailor went into the house and came with jackets and trousers, and hats and hose, hanging like a trophy, on a broom, and then they laughed again, and then we gave over crying and began to laugh too. And it was an odd scene enough about a minute. For, in the excess and revulsion of our feelings, we still stood altogether and looked at one another ; and for one moment we were silent and then for a moment we all laughed together again with tears on our faces, and then as suddenly stopped, and then laughed again, till the Tailor reached us with his trophy, and another man came after him bringing the rest of our clothes ; and we soon sorted them out, and slipped into them in a quick time. The Tailor had played us the same trick. He had been passing in the midst of our fire, and seeing us too intensely occupied to notice anything else, gathered up our clothes and took them to the Fall, where they all entered into the jest and waited the event. I will venture to say no one in the group has forgotten it to this day. But, it was odd enough, when our merry friends began to say ‘ Where is the fish ? what have you done with your fish ? have you lost your clothes, and your fish, and your senses, altogether ? ’ it was that

that, in our grief for the loss of our clothes, we had left the fish behind us, and they might have been stolen too.

“ Well, I think that was an adventure now. Shall I tell you another ?

“ It was a great delight to us, while at the Fall, to go with the labourers into the fields, and see them at their work ;—to go into the hay field, and corn field, and to see the men ploughing, and the rooks come and settle down in the furrows behind them to pick up the worms and grubs that were turned up. The cunning rogues ! if a man had a gun in his hands they would not come within a field of him—the country people say they can smell powder—but they don't care a button for a ploughman ; they know he would not hurt them. But at us they cast some shrewd looks with their black shining eyes, and their heads knowingly turned on one side.

“ One day myself and an elder brother had got with a man cutting down some trees, and we were busy enough you may be sure. As he laid down any of his tools we laid hold of them in a moment and began chopping away with them. Now his mattock, now his bill, now his hatchet, were in requisition ; and he had commonly to say—‘ Now, my boys, I want this,’ and ‘ now, I want that.’ My brother had got hold of the axe, and was chopping at a bough near the ground, and I was stooping down to look at the part he was chopping, and just

saying, 'it is nearly off!' when bang went the axe into my skull. Through my white hat it went, and seemed to stick fast in my head, with a numbing sensation that was disagreeable enough. 'There,' said the man, 'you've done it now, young master; you've split your brother's head. By gar! what will missis say? (for their mistress being a spirited woman, always came into their heads first on such occasions,) and what will your father and mother say? They'll blame me for it, just as if I had done it myself. Thuck, thuck!' went the man with his tongue; 'but this *is* a pretty job.' 'He should take care of his head,' said my brother, in that natural anger which is the first feeling when an accident occurs, 'why did he go poking his head just where I was chopping?' Just as he said this, the man lifted off my hat, and the blood in a moment ran down my face, and blinded me. The man clapped on the hat in a consternation, and said, in great haste, 'Run, run, my dear lad, if you can run, to the house.' And I ran, and he ran, and my brother ran, now no longer angry at the accident, but crying as loud as he could, that he had killed me.

"But it proved no killing matter. My grandmother, who, oddly enough, was fond of dressing a wound, took off my hat, washed away the blood, and said, 'Oh, it is nothing;' and with that she thrust some lint dipped in brandy into the wound that made me scream, and leap, and spin about on *the floor* in an agony ten times sharper than that

of the axe. The wound in time got well. The old man said I had lost no brains out of it, but he thought got some put in, for he would be bound for me, not to put my skull in the way of the axe again. The wound healed, but the scar remains to this day.

"Shall I tell you anything more? Well, well, I am going on then.

"As I sate by the fire with my head bound up, my grandfather said, 'I can tell you what happened to me in that very field. I was coursing there with a couple of capital greyhounds, when we put up a hare which we called the Old Witch, from the number of times we had run her without being able to catch her. She was a remarkable hare: one with a back almost black in appearance at a distance. We could know her in a moment; but our best dogs seemed to have no chance with her. She doubled and turned, and popped through some hedge, and was gone we never could tell where. We have since suspected that she ran into a drain or some such place, having discovered that when out of sight she was secure from the greyhounds, and that if we had taken a terrier to the place where we had sprung her we might soon have traced her to her retreat. But be that as it may, this day, when the dogs had put her up, and she was again about to give them the slip, a beautiful greyhound suddenly leaped the fence in the face of her, turned her, and caught her in a moment. I went

up, and did not know which to admire most ; the fine old hare which had given us so many a chase, so large of size, so ruddy on her sides, and her back thickly clothed with such a dark and curly fur ; or this beautiful dog, certainly the most beautiful I ever beheld. It was so fully and yet so finely grown ; its limbs so well knit and yet so graceful ; it was without spot or dash, as white as snow. It did not really look like a dog of earth, but one dropped out of heaven, or at least, out of some ethereal region just at this critical moment. It was such a dog as one might imagine following the footsteps of Diana, or of the Queen of the Fairies ; or if of any mortal dame, only of some young, gentle and pure maiden of princely birth. I looked over the hedge to see with whom it had come ; there was nobody, and the dog came and fawned and smiled,—yes, smiled upon me, for it arched its graceful and snowy neck and laid down its fine silken ears close to its taper head, and its eyes were as smiling as those of any human being. The dog went with me the whole day, and every fresh course only increased my admiration ; in every one he had the advantage, and not a hare was started but was killed. I brought the beautiful creature home, and every body admired it as much as I did. It staid with us some weeks. Every day I expected to see it advertised, for somebody must have set great value upon it ; but I never saw or *heard* any inquiry after it. It appeared to me sent

out of some charmed region for my particular benefit, and was as gentle and affectionate as it was agile and strong. But one evening, as it lay on the kitchen hearth basking before the fire, your uncle stooped down to pat it on the head, and it made a sudden spring and bit him by the hand. He was surprised and chastised it, but suspected nothing. Days went on, and no fresh instance of such snappishness occurred, when one of the maids came running in from the yard, saying she had seen the dog biting the pigs in the sty, and snapping at the cows in the yard, and she thought he was going mad. When you recollect that it had bitten your uncle, you may be sure we were very much alarmed. We caught it, and confined it, and waited with anxiety to see if any effect would follow to itself, or to the pigs or cattle that it had bitten; and we did not wait long. The dog became raving mad, and was shot; and soon after the pigs began to show symptoms of madness too. They turned sulky and refused to eat; and in a few days such a scene was there as you never saw or heard of; eleven pigs all in one sty, screaming and rearing on their hind legs and tearing each other with their tusks: it was a fearful and yet a ludicrous sight. The query was how to kill them. The general cry was shoot them; but who was to shoot them? My son had set off to the sea-side, having had the place where he was bitten cut out, and having undergone a regular

course of the then famous Ormskirk medicine. I was too much agitated to attempt to shoot, and the men were better hands at a rake or a fork than at a gun. But while we deliberated, Jack Barks, a tall hardy young labourer of a singular and daring temperament, and who wore his hair long, hanging on his shoulders like an ancient German, snatched up a clodding mell, that is, a great mallet with a long handle used for breaking clods on the summer fallows, and, without a word, walked into the sty amid the rabid host of swine, and knocked them on the head, one after another. Never did I see such a sight in my life ; and we found the dog had bitten several horses and cows in the neighbourhood which were obliged to be shot. I have had a horror of all strange dogs since then, however beautiful they might be ; and that field, you see was more unfortunate to me than to you. Your uncle, however, never received any harm, and so far all was well.'

" This was the old gentleman's tale ; and now of story of that goat I mentioned, and then good-bye to the days at my grandfather's.

" I have seen many a goat in Scotland, in Wales and in Cornwall, but I never saw such a goat this—a most sturdy, mischievous, and tyrannical rogue. He seems, to my recollection, to have been twice the common size of goats, of strong build and with a head as hard and solid as an anvil. His stable-yard was his proper place, but he deterred

to be every where. He mounted the walls and roofs ; now he was in the garden upsetting glasses and pots, and cropping just every thing that he should not. And then he was in the kitchen, butting at the dogs on the hearth, drinking the milk or capsizing the milk-pails, or rearing up and smelling amongst the crockery in the cupboard with a very uncereemonious nose, or browsing on a servant's white apron, or a crimped cap, or a frilled shirt as they dangled from the clothes-horse. He was wherever they did not want him, and wherever he was he was as certainly in mischief. If there was a noise at a distance it was sure to be the goat ; he had got amongst half the boys and dogs of the neighbourhood, fighting, butting, and retreating and assailing again with unconquerable spirit ; or he had got into some man's garden and overturned the bee-hives, or knocked down the ladder and broke the window. Women and children were frightened out of their wits at him, and he knew it, and hectored over them like a very bully as he was. As we regarded him as a public enemy, we lads delighted to plague him. The kitchen of my good grandfather smoked, and to prevent this nuisance it was necessary, when the wind was in a certain quarter, to set open the door, but then a greater nuisance still would walk in—the goat. So to keep him out there was a loop of whitleather fastened to the latch, which when hung on the catch let the door *stand open about three inches*. Mr. Capricorn

would come very officiously poking his nose in through this opening with a determined attempt to enter. It was a grand joke with us to pop the poker in the fire, and without making it so hot as to burn him, touch his nose with it, and he would dart off from the door with such precipitance, and such pitiful bleatings—for a goat dreads the very smell of fire—as made us laugh heartily at him.

“But this was not all our fun with him. We used to get one of the men to hold him for us ; for if held by the beard, he would be the most pitiful object of cowering humility imaginable, and would bleat and lick the sides of his mouth, and be your very humble servant. While the man held him one of us would mount, and then seizing him fast by the horns, apply our heels to his sides and make him gallop round the lawn at full speed. Many a brave ride have I had on him, and a brave smell did he leave on my clothes for months after. I was as bad as the goat himself in that respect. One day, however, myself and Harry Gillett, a lad of the village, saw him coming towards us, as if to repay us for all our sins against him. We were in the stable-yard, and the goat was in the rick-yard. We closed the gate that was between the yards, and having him on the other side, felt quite secure of him, the gate being a remarkably tall one. Gillett fetched the waggon-whip out of the stable and began to give him a taste of it across the gate,

when, to our astonishment, over he sprung at once. We flew into the stable, and I, luckily or cunningly, turned into the corner just by the door as I entered, but Gillett ran up to the manger, thinking to climb into the hay-rack ; but the goat was too nimble for him, and caught him between his horns and the manger, butting him up against it with his hard sledge-hammer head with such force as made him cry out lustily, and even put his life in jeopardy. As the goat had run in, I had run out, and given the alarm to some one who came to his rescue, but not before the goat punished him for all his insults to him. In future we kept at a safer distance from him ; and he, in fact, became the terror of the whole neighbourhood.

“ He would, every now and then, make his appearance in the village ; and the moment he was seen every soul got into his house, and every door was closed. He was the tyrant of the street : he stalked up and down, and looked about for any possible chance of doing mischief. He fought the dogs, he chased the hens, he attacked every man, woman, or child that appeared. I remember him one day coming suddenly into the village. At the sight of him every body ran into their houses, except an old woman, who in a moment he knocked down, and took his stand upon her. The poor old creature cried out loudly for help, but no help appeared. All cried ‘ Help her, help her ; she’ll be killed ! ’ but no one had himself the courage to

assail such an enemy. At length a baker, a good natured fellow, a funny fellow, a fellow of infinite wit and merriment, plucked up chivalry enough to encounter him. He came forth with a gre pole, and rushing at the goat, hit him a blow on the head which would have broken any skull except such a head as stood on that vagabond's shoulders. It had no more effect upon him than to make him take a great leap and a butt at the baker, which sent him on his back to the ground, and made his rantipole fly some yards from him. The goat now took his stand on the baker, and was the unquestioned conqueror and tyrant of the place. The baker now in his turn cried for help ten times louder than the old woman, who had gathered up her crazy limbs, and with many a wild glance seen backward from time to time, and many a groan both of pain and fear, made her escape into the blacksmith's shop; the baker cried for help, as there were plenty to hear him, but none to rescue him. Who would tempt his fate? the very baker that cried for help was a living warning against such rashness. It was for some time a very nice question what was to be the end of it. The blacksmith wished he had his great hammer at his head, but he never offered to take it there. Poor old Hannah Sales, the old dame who had escaped, kept crying—'For God's sake help the poor man; he has saved my life, and now he'll be killed himself if you help him?' 'Why, help him yourself,' &

the blacksmith, 'if you like it, Mrs. Sales ; my life is as dear to me as another man's.' The barber wished he had his razor at his throat, and the tailor lifted up his sleeve-board in both hands, with a menacing air, but never stirred a step. One neighbour called to another, 'Do you turn out, Thomas, and I will ; the man must not be killed.' But not a door opened, and the poor baker began to groan piteously over his fate. When just as a shopkeeper had taken down an old rusty gun, and charged it with a pipe-head full of gunpowder and some good duckshot, and laid it on the lower half of his shop-door, and was taking a long aim, and would speedily have perilled the life of the goat, or the man, or both of them ; just as he was going to fire, and would have certainly fired had he not been frightened at his own daring, there came a man up from the Fall in search of the intruder. He marched up to him, and seizing him by the beard, the swaggering conqueror was suddenly converted into a trembling and cowering slave ; and was led away, making the most submissive bleatings.

"This was the last hostile appearance of the goat in the streets of our village. My good grandfather was threatened with legal proceedings if he did not remove this terror of the country ; and the goat was condemned and executed.

"Such was the history of this turbulent goat ; and if any one think that I deserved some punishment *for my teasing him*, let him have the satisfaction

of knowing that the goat executed retributive justice upon me after his death."

"After his death!" cried the children, "why, did the ghost of the goat appear to you?" "No; but his head was set up between the forked branches of a pear-tree; and there happening to see it, more than a year afterwards, I attempted to take it down. I held it by the horns, and was thinking over all our old freaks, and how I used to hold by these same horns when he was alive, and gallop him round the field, when the head slipped out of the outer shells of the horns, and fell upon my foot with such force as lamed me for some weeks.

"And so, my children, I have told you pretty well about the days at my grandfather's. Like all pleasant days, they soon hurried by. My good old grandfather has long been dead; his son is now an old, grey-headed man; the rookwood is cut down; the rabbit warren is destroyed; the old house is about to pass from the family it has sheltered so long; and the days at my grandfather's are but a name and a memory."

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A SWINGING SONG.

BY MARY HOWITT.

MERRY it is on a summer's day,
All through the meadows to wend away ;—
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow,
And the little fish twinkle down below ;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing,
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry thing—
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing !

Merry it is on a winter's night
To listen to tales of elf and sprite,
Of caves and castles so dim and old,—
The dimmest tales that ever were told ;—
And then to laugh, and then to sing,
You may take my word is a merry thing,—
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing !

Down with the hoop upon the green ;
Down with the ringing tambourine,—
Little need we for this or for that ;
—Off with the bonnet, off with the hat,
Away we go like birds on the wing !
Higher yet—higher yet ! “ Now for the King ! ”
This is the way we swing—we swing !

Scarcely the bough bends, Claude is so 'light,—
Mount up behind him—there, that is right !
Down bends the branch now !—swing him away ;
Higher yet—higher yet—higher, I say !
Oh what a joy it is ! Now let us sing,
“ A pear for the Queen—an apple for the King,”
And we'll shake the old tree as we swing—as
we swing !

MADAM FORTESCUE AND HER CAT.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THREE PICTURES DESIGNED
AND DRAWN BY ANNA MARY HOWITT FOR HER
BROTHER CLAUDE.

PART FIRST.

Within this picture you may view
The cat and Madam Fortescue—
And very soon you will discover
That Mistress Pussy "lived in clover."

THIS is a nice, pleasant parlour,
As you may see in a minute ;
It belongs to old Madam Fortescue,
And there she sits in it.

That's the old lady
In an old green tabby gown,
And a great lace cap,
And long lace ruffles hanging down.

And that's Mr. Fortescue's portrait
That hangs there on the wall,
In the thunder and lightning coat,
The bag-wig and all ;

Very old-fashioned and stately,
With a sword by his side ;
But it is many a long year now
Since the old gentleman died.

Thus you see the room complete,
With a Turkey carpet on the floor ;
And get a peep into other rooms
Through that open door.

But the chiefest thing in the room
We have yet passed over ;
The tortoise-shell cat, which our motto says
" Now lives in clover ;"

Meaning she has nothing to do,
All the long year through,
But sleep, and take her meals
With good Madam Fortescue.

Only look, on that crimson cushion
How soft and easy she lies,
Just between sleep and wake,
With half buttoned-up eyes !

And old Madam Fortescue,
 She lifts her eyes from her book,
 To see if she want any thing,
 And to give her a loving look.

—But now turn your eyes
 Behind this great Indian screen,—
 There sits Madam Fortescue's woman
 Very crabbed and very lean.

She makes believe to her lady
 To be very fond of the cat,
 But she hates her,
 And pinches when she pretends to pat

But the lady never knows it,
 For the cat can but mew ;
 She can tell no tales, however ill-used,
 And that Mrs. Crabthorn knew.

So she smiled, and was smooth-spoken,
 And the lady said, "Crabthorn,
 You are the very best waiting-woman
 That ever was born !

"And when I die, good Crabthorn,
 In my will it shall appear
 That my cat I leave to you,
 And fifty pounds a-year ;

"For I certainly think, Crabthorn,
You will love her for my sake!"
"That I shall," said the waiting-woman,
"And all my pleasure will she make!"

Now all this has been said and done
This very day I am sure,
For there lies the old lady's will,
Tied up with red-tape secure.

PART SECOND.

"New men new measures," as is said;
Now Madam Fortescue is dead—
And the poor cat, as we will show,
In little time doth suffer wa.

Now comes the second' picture ;—
And here we shall discover
That the poor pussy now
No longer lives in clover.

For she gets now no cups of milk,
Nor even a crumb of bread :—
Cross Mrs. Crabthorn rules the house,
Now Madam Fortescue is dead.

And the fine crimson cushion
Into the lumber-room is thrown ;—
Only look at that poor cat,
She would melt a heart of stone !

She may well look so wo-begone—
Poor creature ! that she may ;
And only think what kicks she has had,
And nothing to eat all day !

—This, then, is the dressing-room,
Grand and stately you see ;
And yet everything in the room
Looks as solemn as can be !

The very peacock's feathers
Over the old glass on the wall,
Look like great mourning plumes
Waving at a funeral.

And that glass in the black frame ;
And the foot-stool on the floor,
And the chair where Madam sat to dress,
But where she'll sit no more !

Every thing looks as if some
Great sorrow would befall ;—
See, there's the old tabby gown
Hanging on the wall ;—

And there's the lace-cap—
 But there's no lace-border on it ;
 And in that half-open box
 Is the dear old lady's bonnet.

And there lie the black silk mits,
 And the funny high-heeled shoes ;
 And there the pomatum,
 And the powder-puffs she used to use ;—

But she will never use them more,
 Neither to-day nor to-morrow !
 She is dead—and gone from this world,
 As the poor cat knows to her sorrow !

—But now through that open door,
 If you take a peep,
 You will see the great, stately bed
 On which she used to sleep.

And there rests her coffin
 On that very stately bed ;
 For you must clearly understand
 Madam Fortescue is dead !

See now, in the dressing-room
 There sits the poor cat ;—
 Could you have thought a few days
 Would have made a change like that ?

See, how forlorn she looks,—
In what miserable case!
I really think I can see the tears
Running all down her face!

She has reason enough to cry, poor thing,
She has had so great a loss!
She had a mistress, the best in the world—
She has—none now—so cross!

There she sits trembling
And hanging down her head,
As if she knew misfortune *was* come,
Now Madam Fortescue is dead!

And look, there stands Mrs. Crabthorn,
With a rope in her hand,
Giving to that surly fellow
A very strict command.

For what?—To hang the cat!
“For then, Scroggin,” says she,
I shall still have my fifty pounds a-year—
And what’s the cat to me!

“To be sure I promised Madam
To love the cat like a relation,—
But now she is dead and gone,
Why, that’s no signification!

"And cats I never could bear,
And I'll not be plagued with that;
So take this new rope, Scroggin,
And see you hang the cat!

"Be sure you do it safely,—
Hang her with the rope double;
And her skin will make you a cap,
Friend Scroggin, for your trouble!"

Poor thing! she hears their words—
She well may moan and sob!
He is an ill-looking fellow,
And seems to like the job!

He will take the rope with joy,—
He has no pity—not he!—
And in less than half an hour
She'll be hanging on a tree!

PART THIRD.

Now in this third part you will see
The end of Crabthorn's treachery;
How she had cause to rue the day
Whereon the cat was made away.

See now, dear Brother,
This is the great dining-hall,
Where the company is assembled
After the funeral.

It is a very noble room ;
 But now we cannot stay,
 We must examine the old wainscot,
 And the pictures, some other day.

See, here sits the company,—
 The heir and all the cousins ;
 The nephews and the grand-nephews,
 And the nieces by dozens ;

And there is the lawyer
 Reading the lady's will ;
 You see how they sit listening,
 All of them, stock still.

The lawyer he has just read
 To where the will said,
 " Mrs. Crabthorn should have fifty pounds
 A-year till the cat was dead.

" That fifty pounds a-year
 Should be left to her, to keep
 The cat in good condition,
 With a cushion whereon to sleep.

" That as long as the cat lived
 The money should be her due ;"
 And the old lady prayed her, in the will,
 " To be a loving guardian and true."

"Goodness me!" cried Mrs. Crabthorn,
"The cat's dead I do declare!
Who thought the fifty pounds a-year
Was for taking of the cat care?"

"She died of grief for my lady,
On the third day and no other!"
"You shall not be forgotten, Crabthorn!"
Said good Madam Fortescue's brother.

And with that up jumps Scroggin—
You see where he stands,
Dangling the very rope
In his great, rough hands;

And moreover than that,
To make it past a doubt,
There's the cat-skin in his pocket,
Which he will presently pull out.

And he tells all the company
Assembled there that day,
How Crabthorn had mis-used the cat
And had her made away.

Now if you should ask of me
Why her death he did not smother,
I can only say, bad people
Often betray one another.

There she'll hold some quaint discourses
With the pony and the horses ;
Who, if bread and beans she proffer,
Answer "*neigh*," yet take her offer !
(Thus do words and actions vary,
From "*Nolo Episcopari*,"
To the "*noes*" of love-wooded Misses.
Which are, practically, "*yesees*.")—
To the garden, or the gateway,
If *you* go, *she'll* go too, straightway.
To the pump if maid or man go,
In a word, where any can go,
Far about, or near as may be,
There goes busy-body BABY :
And returning, breathless, rosy,
With an apple, or a posy ;
Or, belike, with frock well draggled,
Hair bewildered, feet *so* muddy,
Rushes,—welcome, wild, and daggled,—
To Papa's own quiet study ;
And among her various capers,
Spoils his pens, and tears his papers :
Then, for all her positiveness,
Kisses him into forgiveness.
Sometimes for awhile demurer
(Any one may now endure her),
She will settle in a corner,
Quite as good as little Horner ;
And admire the gorgeous features
Of some fine-art things and creatures ;

THE CONSCRIPT.

A TALE.

“FAREWELL, my boy,” said old Pierre Desfontaines to his son, a tall *gauche* lad of seventeen, whom the cruel laws of the Conscription were about to tear from his paternal roof; “farewell, Louis,—and remember, though thou art forced into the service of thy country, be not the less brave in her defence when thou art marching against the enemy.”

Pierre paused a moment, and then, laying his hands on the head of the blubbing recruit, breathed a short but fervent prayer for his bodily and spiritual welfare. After thus solemnly committing him to the guardianship of a superior power, he retreated to permit his son to receive the *adieux* of the other members of his family.

His mother hung on his neck, bitterly bewailing the cruel fate which snatched her beloved and now only son from her arms to expose him to hardships, danger, and death.

"I had vowed thou should'st never be a soldier, Louis, ever since thy brother Antoine was shot in battle. My poor Antoine! I little thought, when he left us so gaily, and promised to return so soon, that the first news we should hear of him would be when his poor young widow came creeping to the door, with his last dying words to his father, begging him to take care of his little Antoine and its mother. And little Antoine is a good boy," continued the poor woman, turning round to stroke the cheek of a fine child of about a year old, that leaned from the arms of a pretty young girl who carried him to receive his uncle's kiss, "but oh! he will never, never be to me what my own Antoine was! And now they will take my poor Louis, too; but don't marry, Louis,—don't marry and send back a poor broken-hearted widow, as Antoine did, to die under your father's roof. And remember, my child, don't run into danger when you can keep out of it; think of your poor father"—

At this moment the rapidly approaching roll of the drums warned the young soldier to hasten his departure. He embraced affectionately his mother and sister, and then received from his *father* his final benediction.

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older has increased by 50% (U.S. Census Bureau, 1997). The number of people aged 65 and older is projected to increase to 20% of the total population by the year 2020 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1997). The number of people aged 65 and older is projected to increase to 20% of the total population by the year 2020 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1997). The number of people aged 65 and older is projected to increase to 20% of the total population by the year 2020 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1997).

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older is projected to increase from 20 million to 30 million, and the number of people 75 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 85 years of age or older is projected to increase from 2 million to 4 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 90 years of age or older is projected to increase from 500,000 to 1 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 95 years of age or older is projected to increase from 100,000 to 200,000 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 100 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10,000 to 20,000 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996).

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

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1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971). The concentration of chlorophylls was expressed as $\mu\text{g mL}^{-1}$ of the sample.

her up in the way wherein a child of God should walk with him, in holy love and fear, humility and meekness.

Such being the end and aim of Sir William and Lady Harford's parental solicitude, they were fond, but not doating parents,—not blind to the faults of their little daughter, though tenderly alive to every indication of good, every shade of improvement in her unfolding character. And Clara was, on the whole, a child of fair promise and most engaging qualities, affectionate and docile; lively, gentle, and sweet tempered; of quick perception, apt to learn, and, generally speaking, as diligent at her lessons, as she was full of mirth and glee and sportive invention during play hours. But having shown the bright side of the picture we must reveal its darker shades, and confess that little Clara had faults that awakened the anxious vigilance of her parents, in as great a degree as she was endeared to them by her engaging qualities; and having taken upon herself the sole responsibility of her daughter's education, it was the ceaseless endeavour of Lady Harford to detect and extirpate every ill weed as it sprang from the moral soil. Among those Christian graces which she laboured with prayerful zeal to implant in the heart and mind of her little daughter, the love of truth, next to the love of God, ranked foremost; but here it was on this most important

point that her chief anxiety was awakened ; for Clara, though by no means an habitual liar, was deficient in that firmness and integrity of mind, which by God's assistance shuns all deviation from the straightforward and only safe path ; and now and then through inadvertence, or surprise, or from the more culpable weakness of seeking to conceal an error comparatively trivial, the little girl was guilty of falsehood, the more inexcusable as she well knew how tenderly lenient would be the parental chastening for a fault honestly confessed and sincerely repented.

Many and many a time had Clara wept bitter tears of shame and contrition on her mother's bosom, when that tender mother, whose tears mingled with those of her erring child, reasoned with her on the heinousness of this besetting sin, assuring her, with a sad severity, yet full of love and pity, that not only none but "the pure in heart shall see God," but that he will turn away his face from those who speak "with lying lips and a deceitful tongue."

We must do Clara the justice to say, that on such occasions her young heart was sorely smitten, not only with a humiliating sense of her disgrace, but with remorseful sorrow, for having so wantonly offended and grieved her *heavenly Father*, and her kind and loving

parents ; and many and sincere were the promises she made to them, and to her own heart, never, never, again to be found guilty of a fault so heinous and contemptible ; and Clara had so learnt to read her bible with the eyes of her understanding, that she was at no loss to whom to apply for strength to keep those good resolves which had been put into her heart by the Spirit from whom "all good thoughts do come." That assistance which is never withheld from the faithful applicant was vouchsafed in such measure to the young Clara, that "as she grew in years, she grew in grace ;" and by the time she was ten years' old, had so successfully combated her besetting sin, that Sir William and Lady Harford fondly flattered themselves the propensity was also eradicated, and too entirely remitted their former watchfulness.

About this time their little daughter sustained a great loss in the death of a faithful and well principled woman, who had nursed and attended her from her cradle ; and a young person highly recommended, and apparently well qualified for the situation, was received into the family in her place. Over this person little Clara soon obtained an ascendancy that she had not even sought for in the days of her predecessor, and most unhappily it proved that *the character* Lady Harford had received from

the late mistress of Martha Mason, had been given by that lady with such complete reservations, as are too frequently resorted to by selfish, good-natured persons, of weak religious principles. Martha gradually ingratiated herself with her young lady, by a degree of complaisance far exceeding that which had ever been shown to her childish whims and caprice, and still less to her failings, by faithful nurse Mary.

And though the little girl never, in truth, became half so much attached to her successor, still it was a pleasant thing to be praised and flattered, and she could not but feel good will towards Martha, for what seemed to the simple child, her great good-nature; and as she discovered by degrees that Martha *had her faults and failings*, she fell into the habit of extenuating them, with the mental remark, "but then she was *so* good-natured!"

It need scarcely be observed, that the daughter of so right-minded a mother as Lady Harford, was not permitted to converse familiarly with servants; but having no governess, and Lady Harford's health not enabling her to be at all times Clara's walking companion, it happened of necessity that the little girl was sometimes accompanied by Martha while taking her daily exercise, besides being alone with her at the hours of rising and going to rest, and that of *her mid-day toilette*. For some time after the

installation of her new attendant, Clara entered into little further conversation with her than was requisite from circumstances, and consistent with that kindness and courtesy, which Lady Harford was as anxious to inculcate in her daughter's bearing towards inferiors, as to guard her from habits of vulgar, gossiping familiarity. But by degrees, she suffered herself to be beguiled into occasional deviations from this safe rule of propriety; and at the end of a few weeks, cunning Martha had well nigh wormed into the confidence and companionship of her young lady. This was bad,—very bad: not only as such intercourse with an uneducated and mean-minded person, could not but tend to vulgarize the mind and manners of the little Clara; but, far worse, it tended to corrupt her principles, and deaden the feeling of moral consciousness. For Clara fell into error, knowing it to be one; conscious that she was disregarding her mother's caution, and disobeying her injunctions. Conscious, moreover, that although not being interrogated upon the subject, she had as yet uttered no actual denial of her intimacy with Martha, she was not the less guilty of deceit in thus tacitly imposing on Lady Harford's unsuspecting confidence. Oh! what a fearful—what an awful thing, if we could but see to where it leads, is the first step in a deceptive path! Scripturally speaking, and relatively to possible consequences, there are no

trifling sins. The small worm that bores its way through the timbers of a noble ship, is in itself an insignificant creature; but the end of its contemptible labours, like *small sins* unresisted, is destruction.

Step by step, little Clara was led on, from concealment to artifice—from disobedience to untruth; that old besetting sin against which she had resolved and struggled so commendably, that her fond parents believed the evil habit to be quite conquered, and now relied with perfect—too perfect confidence in their child's veracity.

The keen eye of maternal affection had early detected in Clara a leaven of vanity, of which the love of dress was a natural concomitant; and Lady Harford had wisely laboured to check the evil tendency, not only by timely rebuke and reasoning, but by restricting her daughter's toilette to a style of elegant simplicity, excluding all ornament and superfluity. The little girl's love of finery not amounting to a passion, she was perfectly contented with her plain white muslin frock and uncurled glossy hair, parted back from the forehead in two silken braids, and fastened at the back of her head with an unornamented comb, except on certain occasions of comparison, when two little cousins, girls of her own age, accompanied their mamma to Harford Park, in the full blown paraphernalia of infant finery, not

to be distinguished from womanly display in one day of unwholesome precociousness in all things.

Many a longing look did little Clara steal at her cousins' silk dresses and curled ringlets; how she envied them the privilege of undergoing nightly, when slumber was weighing down their young eyelids, the dignified and dignifying process of a half-hour's torturing into curling papers! And then their ears were pierced already, and they wore ear-rings that "glittered so beautifully among the curls." Poor little Clara put up her hands unconsciously, with a sense of mortifying inferiority, to her own *unringed* and *unringleted* ears, as she uttered these remarks, while undressing for bed, in Martha's sympathizing ear,—“And such *sweet* gold chains! Oh dear! and mamma has got so many; if she would but let me wear one of them, just while my cousins are here.” “And I am sure I cannot think what my lady means by dressing you so mean, Miss Clara,” chimed in the sympathizing handmaid. “I declare it goes to my heart to see the difference between you and the Miss Marchmonts; and you would beat them out and out for beauty, if you was but dressed like them and other fashionable young ladies. I am sure I should not think nothing of the trouble of papering up this sweet dear beautiful hair in dozens of curl-papers, if my lady had not such odd notions.”

Clara looked grave for a moment, when she heard her dear, excellent, lady-like mother accused of "odd notions" by the vulgar presuming menial; but she sighed and stole a sidelong glance at the looking-glass, and was quite ready to believe that Martha was right (though she said what she ought not, in the warmth of her zeal) and that the small face reflected in it, would be quite as pretty, at least, as cousin Ellen's, or Adelaide's, if it were but as advantageously set off.

Poor Lady Harford! she little dreamt, she little thought what mischief was at work, when, having listened to the nightly orisons of her beloved child, and quitted her with a tender kiss, and still more tender blessing, and an injunction to go immediately to bed, she believed her to be already locked in the sweet slumbers of innocent childhood, the last waking words of prayer and praise yet breathing from her half-closed lips.

Harford Park was within a short walking distance of a small country town, to which it was a great treat to Clara sometimes to accompany her mother, when she went thither to make an occasional visit, or a few trifling purchases; but, when sent out for exercise, attended only by her maid, her walk was of course restricted to the large and pleasant grounds, and Martha had *been strictly enjoined* never to take her young

lady beyond the Lodge gates, especially in the direction of the town.

Now this prohibition by no means fell in with Mistress Martha's liberal notions and excursive tastes; and without, in direct words, proposing the infringement of it, she soon managed to make Clara feel herself aggrieved and shackled by that slight restraint which hitherto she had never even wished to overstep; and, at length when she had drawn on the poor faulty little girl to the point convenient for her purpose, she feigned to yield to *her* entreaty (which had, in fact, been comprised in the form of a wish only) and it was arranged that they should pay a stolen visit to the town of ———, "the first time they could manage it *nicely*, without being missed."

How vulgar, and how ~~vulgarising~~ vulgarising a thing is deception! How destructive to self-respect a consciousness of duplicity! But a few weeks earlier, Clara would have been shocked and disgusted at the confidential familiarity and low-lived language of her attendant, who had the cunning to mince her words with such prim precision in the hearing of Lady Harford, but had long indulged in full freedom of speech with her young lady. Clara would formerly have felt the want of respect evinced towards herself by Martha's *flippant* vulgarity; but now, though she now and then took it upon her to correct a slip of

grammar, she found excuses for the license of speech, and even for the breach of trust, of which she well knew Martha to be guilty, and smoothed all over with the universal salvo—"But then she is so good natured!"

"A lucky opportunity," as Martha termed it, soon presented itself,—the only one that could now occur before Lady Harford and her daughter took their departure for a watering-place in the same county, to which they were to be followed in a few days by Sir William; who, having much business to transact with his steward, and some connected with his duties as a magistrate, was unable to travel with his family. There was to be a dinner-party at Harford Park the day preceding that fixed on for the journey, and the time chosen by Martha for their expedition was that when Sir William and Lady Harford, and their guests, would be (as she elegantly expressed it) "safe and snug at dinner."

The well-tutored Clara having expressed a wish to be excused from appearing in the drawing-room circle before dinner, that she might enjoy her last evening at home in a long ramble through the grounds, and in watering the flowers in her own little garden, was readily indulged by her fond and confiding mother, who only bade her be careful not to overheat herself, and to return to the house in time to make her curtsy to the guests before she retired to bed. Clara's

heart smote her as she listened to those gentle words, and felt the tender kiss by which they were accompanied. The colour flushed over her very forehead, and tears were almost in her eyes, as she hesitated and turned to throw her arms about her mother's neck, and kiss her again and again before she went. And if she *had* done so; if her young heart had once more, at that critical moment, throbbed against the maternal bosom, its guilty consciousness would have burst out in tears and sobs, and remorseful confession. But then,—just then,—the door opened, and her evil genius, in the shape of Martha, appearing at it, the saving impulse was abruptly checked; and she hurried out of the room, with downcast eyes and a troubled eagerness, far differing from that light-hearted gladness with which she had been used to bound away, like a young fawn, to blameless and permitted pastime. Alas! the inward monitor was soon silenced by the blandishments of Martha, who, having made herself as fine as pink ribands and long ear-drops could make her, proceeded to tie on her young lady's white tippet and simple cottage bonnet with a running accompaniment of condolence on the unaccountable meanness of disfiguring "the dear sweet child after such an *antick* dowdy fashion."

As they passed Lady Harford's chamber, the door of which had remained ajar, when she left

it, dressed for dinner, Clara's eye was attracted by a beautiful gold chain, which her mother had worn that morning and had left suspended on the dressing-glass, from which her maid had not yet removed it. "Oh! there's mamma's pretty chain," cried the giddy little girl, "do let me see how I look in it." Martha having ascertained the absence of the lady's-maid, smiled encouragement to the childish fancy; and Clara having wound the rich ornament about her small throat, and contemplated herself a moment in the glass, was restoring it, though with a reluctant sigh, to the place from whence she had taken it, when Martha said, "La Miss! if I was you, I'd wear it for a frolic; my lady won't be never the wiser, nor the chain never the worse, and you look like an angel in it!" Where Martha had formed her ideas of angels in gold chains, we are at a loss to conjecture, but the comparison slipped so smoothly down the broad lane of Clara's vanity, that she was quite insensible of its absurdity, and too readily adopted the suggestion of the temptress. And away they went, and the Park was soon past, and the Lodge-gate soon left behind, and Clara found herself, for the first time in her life, beyond the safe boundaries of her home, without her parents' protection. When the thought of this first struck her, it brought with it a shrinking sense of her *own temerity and disobedience*; but Martha only

laughed at such "qualms of conscience," and soon, very soon, their approach to the town, the bustle of its one long street, the sight of the shops, and the exciting novelty of her situation, absorbed her whole attention, and confounded every feeling in a sort of agreeable bewilderment.

Mistress Martha took especial care to avoid, by a short circuit, two respectable-looking houses at the entrance of the town, whose inhabitants might make some comment on Miss Clara's appearance there so unusually attended, and mention it to Lady Harford. But she took her to her own particular friend, the pastry-cook, who regaled the young lady with a stale tart and a glass of ginger pop; while Martha just stepped into the back shop to whisper with another particular friend. Clara thought both very nasty, and would fain have declined the civility, had she known how, and had an innate sense of degradation in accepting it; but she felt confused and ashamed, and quite at a loss how to conduct herself under circumstances so perfectly new to her. Glad enough she was to get out of the little hot sunny shop, where flies were buzzing in such myriads over and under the dirty Scotch gauze, and the flabby, frying raspberry tarts, and greasy cake, it was spread to protect; and sticking in the clammy puddle of syrup (raspberry vinegar!), and a soap-suds mixture, called orgeat, slopped over the counter.

From thence Martha (who seemed quite in her element) proceeded to a linen draper's, where, with considerate kindness, she perched her young lady "to rest" on a high stool, while she giggled and flirted with the spruce shopmen, and turned over the finery on the counter.

Poor Clara began to yawn and fidget, and doubt whether she might not have enjoyed herself quite as well within the prescribed limits of the noble Park, or among the flowers in her own little garden; and after one or two more poppings in to particular friends of the not at all particular Martha, glad was she to turn her face towards her own dear home, and right glad, on reaching the Lodge-gate, to step from the glaring, dusty road, into the shady coolness of the fine chestnut avenue.

This, her first adventure, by no means answered to the sanguine expectations of the young adventureress; and, more in disappointment than from a better motive, she half resolved against future transgressions of a like nature. Resolutions so formed are "unstable as water," for the Divine blessing is wanting to them, and it is more than probable that the disobedient child would have gone on, from error to error, but for the severely salutary lesson which was preparing for her. So long had they lingered in the town; so hurried had been their return home, that Clara might be *in time to make her appearance, as enjoined by*

Lady Harford, that it was not till Martha had taken off her tippet and bonnet, and was smoothing back the ruffled braids of her fair silky hair, that a thought of the borrowed ornament occurred to either of them, and then Clara was fearfully electrified by Martha's sudden exclamation, "Goodness gracious! what's come of my lady's chain?" Both stood silent for a moment, in utter consternation; and then the little girl wrung her hands in agony, and began to sob so hysterically, that Martha, in terror of the consequences of detection, applied herself to soothe and comfort her with assurances that the chain *could not* be lost;—it must have been dropped in Mrs. Pattypan's shop—and there it would be as safe as at the bank;—or at Mr. Diaper's;—and if Mister Popkin picked it up, or any of the young men (they were all so remarkable civil), they'd run up to the Park with it at the time they shut up shop: but she would not wait for that; she would go back and find it herself, that very moment.—"So now, Miss Clara!" concluded the admirable monitress, "let me first dab your eyes with elder-flower water, and put a good face upon it;—walk into the drawing-room as if nothing had happened, and don't let my lady see anything ails you, for I am sartain sure we shall find the chain time enough to put it back before *she* misses it, and, the worst come to the worst, *you* know nobody saw you take it but me, and I

would rather be cut to pieces than tell of you." Devoted Martha! how disinterested were your professions! how touching your readiness to undergo martyrdom with obstinate fidelity! Clara was so affected by this demonstration of attachment that she promised, for Martha's sake, "to keep her own counsel," instead of flying to confess all (as was her first impulse) in the arms of her indulgent mother.

But the chain was not found—could not be found; and the little girl went to-bed that night with a heavy heart, dreading the discovery of the loss, which could not fail to be made in the morning, when Lady Harford asked for her favourite ornament, the gift of Sir William.

"Remember, Miss! if you are asked about it, you have only to say you know nothing about it, and if you do but stick to this, you will never be found out," was Martha's last caution as she tucked up her young lady for the night; and when Clara awoke next morning, with recruited spirits, she profited but too well by the demoralizing lesson.

"Did you go into my room yesterday morning, Clara?" was Lady Harford's first question to her daughter, after the morning salutation;—"Oh! no, mamma!" was the little girl's too ready answer; "you know I was out with Martha."—"Yes, indeed, dear child!" rejoined the unsuspecting mother; "I remember that, but thought it

possible—just possible, you might have gone into my room, and played with that chain you used to admire so much, and mislaid it, for it is nowhere to be found, and yet I am sure, and Horton seems sure also, that I left it hanging on the toilet glass;—but go to your breakfast, dearest! you cannot know anything about it.”

Oh! the twinge Clara’s heart gave her as she went to breakfast with what appetite she might.

All search for the missing ornament was fruitless; and early in the day, Lady Harford, with her daughter and suite, set off for the watering-place of——. A few days afterwards they were joined by Sir William, and scarcely had he embraced his wife and child, when producing the missing chain from his waistcoat pocket, he restored it to the surprised and gladdened owner.

But the grave expression of Sir William’s countenance checked Lady Harford’s ebullition of pleasure, and his own face saddened as he related the circumstances connected with the restoration of the trinket. “I heartily wish it had not been found,” was the more benevolent than judicial observation of the kind-hearted baronet, “and well you may, my dear, when I tell you, that I have been compelled to commit that poor little orphan, Susan Reid, as the undoubted thief.”

“Susan Reid!” exclaimed the astonished Lady

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LITTLE SWAN.

Harford; "Susan Reid steal my chain! My dear Sir William, there must be some mistake; I could as soon suspect our own child there; I could pledge my life on the innocence of that poor little simple creature, who would be more thankful for the gift of a checked apron, than for the whole contents of my jewel-box."

But, alas! the proof had been so strong, the witnesses so clear, the girl's own statement so confused and improbable, that no doubt of her guilt had remained on the minds of Sir William and a brother magistrate who took part in her examination, and they had felt it the more imperative to let the law take its course with this unfortunate creature, as several petty thefts had of late been committed in the neighbourhood; and only a week previous, a young girl, servant maid to a little shopkeeper in the town had been sent to prison for taking money from the till. It so happened that the shopkeeper in question was a constable, and the person who detected Susan Reid and brought her to the justice-room, where the magistrates were then sitting. She came into his shop that morning, he deposed (it was in the morning of the day following Lady Harford's departure), to make some trifling purchase, and while rummaging in her deep, well-stuffed pocket for halfpence to pay for the article, something *glittering was drawn partly out of the pocket-*

hole, which immediately caught his eye, and reaching his hand over the counter, he pulled out what proved to be the fine gold chain he then laid on the magistrates' table, which was immediately recognized by Sir William Harford as the same he had presented to his lady, at the loss of which she had been so much chagrined, when setting forth on her journey the preceding day. The constable went on to state, that on his asking the girl how this costly ornament came into her possession, and taxing her with having come by it dishonestly, she only looked frightened and stupid, and said she had found it where it was "morally impossible she could have found it, and so he had brought her, as in duty bound, before their worshipful honours."

"Frightened and stupid" enough she still looked, the poor friendless creature! not yet thirteen, and, seemingly, not half so sharp-witted as might be expected at that age, especially in one so daring in guilt. But her apparent simpleness was set down as consummate cunning by the constable, the overseer, and two or three other parish authorities (she was a parish girl) and most of the persons assembled in the justice-room.

The substance of her confused statement amounted to this: that she had been employed *all day* (as was frequently the case, by Lady

Harford's desire), at the Great House, on the day before my lady went away; that she was returning home, late in the evening, to the workhouse at the entrance of the town, and being very tired and sleepy, and "not taking notice of nothing," she hitched her foot on something that lay upon the ground by the turnstile of a field that was a short cut from the Park, and stooping down to disengage herself, she picked up the chain, and put it in her pocket, hardly looking at it, she was so sleepy; but she had some thought it must belong to some of the grand folk up at the Great House, and perhaps the housekeeper might know something about it, and she could ask her next time she was sent for.

It was proved that she was employed again at the Park but the very next day, why then did she not produce the chain, and tell her story to the housekeeper? "Oh! that was what she thought to do first when she picked it up; but then she went home so tired, and to bed, and to sleep, and forgot all about it next morning, and never minded it was in her pocket, till Mr. Hinton *ketched* it out in his shop." This was all that was to be elicited from the girl after the most careful and patient investigation; and confused and improbable as was her story, the magistrates would not have concluded on *her committal* but for the casting evidence of

the upper housemaid in Sir William's family, who made oath, without the slightest hesitation, that after Lady Harford left her room, dressed for dinner, on the day in question, the lady's-maid came to desire her to go into the chamber to remove the fragments of a water ewer, which had been thrown down and broken, and to dry and clean the soaked carpet; but being particularly busy at the moment, she had sent Susan Reid in her stead, who was for some time *alone in the bed-room*, and about an hour after was dismissed for the night.

"This evidence," continued Sir William, "was so conclusive, that no option was left us but to send the wretched girl to take her trial, and from the aggravated nature of the offence, I fear her sentence may be capital punishment."

"Oh! no—no—no, papa—dear papa!—don't let her go to gaol—don't let her be tried—don't let them hang poor Susan," was the almost shrieking exclamation which electrified the ears of Sir William and Lady Harford, as their child sprang from the corner, where she had been listening (paralyzed with horror), to her father's communication, and clung to his knees with a convulsive grasp, that, together with the agonized expression with which she looked up into his face, struck both parents with undefinable terror; and what were their sensations, when on tenderly soothing and endeavouring to reason

her into a less turbulent demonstration of compassion for the supposed culprit, the fearful and appalling truth burst forth, amidst a passion of tears and sobs, and inarticulate entreaties for forgiveness.

Bitter were the tears, and sharp the pangs, that flowed down the cheeks and wrung the heart of that offending child, as she thus knelt, and wept, and supplicated at her parents' feet; but how short fell that passionate grief,—quickened though it was by remorse and terror,—of the deep, the concentrated sorrow that fell with a cold crushing weight (as of an ice-bolt) on *their hearts*. Their child!—their only child!—their precious—their beloved one! She in whom, next to heaven, their souls were garnered up! whom they were training up for heaven—to have done this thing! To have been living with them—a living lie! In their sight—in their arms—in their hearts;—smiling in their faces—returning their caresses—and all the time * * * *. Oh, misery! indeed “too deep for tears”—too great to be medicined by any but the Divine hand; whose merciful intervention (there was still “balm in Gilead”) had, by this exposure of her guilt, arrested the young offender in that deceptive course, which might otherwise have been persevered in till, heart and conscience becoming thoroughly corrupted and seared, the climax of *sin* should be complete, “whose wages is death.”

Let the curtain fall upon this painful scene. On the heart-struck parent and the sinning child, we would say the *repentant*, but that the remorseful agony of her grief—half shame—half terror, had yet to be tempered by Divine grace before it could deserve the name of penitence ; but neither was that grace withheld, nor the tears and prayers of the afflicted parents offered up in vain. Their child was gradually brought to such a sense of her sinfulness and danger, that she became every day more *truly humble and contrite*. That spurious humility, which caring most for a good report in the sight of men, is in fact only mortified pride, gave place to “a repentance not to be repented of”—a shamefacedness lovely in the sight of God—sorrowing for sin—conscious of weakness—praying against temptation—and resorting for aid and counsel in all doubts and difficulties, to the source of wisdom, knowledge, and goodness, and those best *human counsellors*, her pious, loving, and indulgent parents.

It is almost needless to add, that the unprincipled Martha, after being severely rebuked and seriously remonstrated with, received the due reward of her faithlessness—her discharge without a character. Or that the poor orphan, Susan Reid, was liberated from confinement as *speedily* as was compatible with legal forms, and *more than* compensated for her temporary distress,

by being taken into the household of Sir William Harford, and in time promoted to be the attendant of the reformed, but ever repentant Clara.

THE ENIGMATICAL GARDEN.

BY MISS WOOD.

ONCE upon time,—that time was the evening of a summer's day,—a large party of little people set out to visit “the Enigmatical Garden.” This garden belonged to a whimsical old gentleman, who was fond of puzzling and pleasing young people; he made his garden renowned by an enigmatical description of his flowers.

“Walk in, young folk,” he exclaimed, as they approached the gate on which he was leaning—“walk in and see my pretty things; mine is the most wonderful garden in England!”

The first glimpse certainly presented nothing wonderful. Wild flowers and foreign flowers were growing together in rich profusion, but without any arrangement. The eccentric old man handed them the following catalogue of his

flowers, and was much pleased when they discovered, by his ingenious devices, the names of their old acquaintances.

CATALOGUE OF FLOWERS IN THE ENIGMATICAL
GARDEN.*

I.

THERE'S a Roman emp'r in his pride,
With the greatest virtue by his side,
The flower that is part of a mouse,
With another that covers a house.

II.

Here's the flow'r that falls from the sky,
And the flow'r on which we can lie,
And another will shoot a man dead,
And another will cover his head.

III.

Of this flow'r of the field you can make a
good dish,
And wild in the woods you may find a *fish*;
An industrious flow'r, the vice of a city,
Now form, amongst others, a group that is
pretty.

* The following are the names to the first verse; the solution of the rest I leave to the sagacity of my young readers:—
Valerian; *Charity*; *Mouse-Ear*; *Wood-Rose*.

IV.

Here's an ill-temper'd flow'r, and one that is
old,
And one that is money that cannot be told ;
A flow'r is there, that 's a heathen god,
In another behold a miraculous rod.

V.

Of a flower to get up by we've often heard,
And a flow'r there is, that belongs to a bird ;
A sweet smelling flow'r is the twelfth of a
year,
There's a sound that to hounds and to hunts-
men is dear.

VI.

A flower that is placed in a bed-room when
dark,
And another that's warm, often grows in a park ;
A flower you may meet, that will give you a blow,
And one that will cheer you when wretched and
low.

VII.

There's herbage that grows on a fam'd Grecian
mount,
And one is of money th' exhaustible fount ;
Behold, whilst you may, the fair Star of the
East,
Yet placed by its side is a part of a beast.

VIII.

See the ornament worn by the king's son and
 heir,
And one we conceive that an angel more fair;
On a pretty blue flower to the skies we may
 climb,
And one that will clothe us in cold winter time.

IX.

A wondrous pleasure is a fragrant flower,
And one that to heal has the wondrous power;
A flower grows wild, that a monster can bite,
And another which lights us so brightly at
 night.

X.

Here, would you be gay, is a flower that dances,
And here is another which gracefully prances.
There's a part of a dog—of a serpent a part;
A small part of a cow, and relief to a heart.

Here ended the catalogue, which quite occupied the party in solving, during the intervals of taking strawberries and cream, a luxury provided for visitors by the old gardener, who was pleased to hear the young people all acknowledge it was a delightful garden, both for seeing, and smelling, and tasting, and *thinking*.

A TRUE HISTORY OF A PET
SPARROW.

(IN A LETTER.)

N——, June, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AND I am now really out of the bustle and grandeur of London! I cannot tell you how strangely still, and yet how delightful, the country looked; it was so green and fresh, and so full of quietness; there were pretty little houses with roses growing up to the very eaves; and gardens shady with shrubs, or shining out with their gay summer-flowers; and little children playing before their cottage doors; and people haymaking, and cattle quietly feeding in solitary fields. All these things appeared to

me more beautiful and more picture-like than I had ever seen them before,—entirely, I suppose, because I had just left your busy town.

But, dear me! what am I writing of all this time! I remember this letter was to be about my poor little bird, the account of which I began to give you only just before I left London, and therefore promised, at your request, to write a whole letter about it.

You remember our being at Welford last summer, and my spending a day in the Island; I wrote to you all about it; well, it was while we were living in the village that there happened to be a very windy Sunday. What a windy day it was! I shall never forget it—it was in the hay time, and of a pitchy blackness. The hay-cocks were blown out of one field into another, and the dust came down the road in thick clouds, as one might fancy it rising before the march of a caravan in the desert; and the old elm-trees that grew about the village and the church were tossed about till we thought they would be blown down, and a great many branches were blown off, and with them several rooks' nests. After the storm was over we went out to make observations, and to our surprise found that sparrows had many times built their little nests under *the rough materials that formed those of the*

rooks, looking very much like a barnacle sticking to a great sea-shell; these nests we examined, and very curious indeed we found them to be. You know what a little audacious familiar thing the sparrow is, and how he is continually hopping about the doors of houses to see what he can pick up; accordingly, his nest is composed of the strangest mixture of familiar, household things that can be conceived. Some of them were really like little rag-bags, made up of scraps of carpets, feathers, snippings of linen and calico, worsted and thread, and little odds and ends of printed cottons; and mamma was very much amused to observe that all the printed cottons were of such patterns and quality as hard-working village women and girls would wear. In one of these strange little bundles of rubbish I found two unfledged birds, one dead, but the other not only alive, but very clamorous for food; this I took, and nest and all put into a little basket. I am afraid you would say I was comparing small things to great, if I were to hint even at Pharaoh's daughter and little Moses in the ark of bulrushes; but I am sure I felt something like her when I took up this small friendless creature and determined to rear it for my own. I could not send for its mother, as she did, to nurse it for me; though, to be sure I had a scheme of that sort, for I hung it out of

our chamber window among the apricot boughs, and thought, perhaps, the old ones hearing its never-ending chirp-chirp, might come and find it; but when after a day or two I observed that they never came near it, I took it in and determined to depend upon myself for its rearing; and what a little hungry thing it was! I don't mean that I had never fed it all the time it hung out, but really what a deal it did eat for such a little creature! I fed it with nice crumbs of stale bread soaked in water, and little worms and caterpillars, which, though I never could fancy to touch before, I now handled without dislike, and which it swallowed with the greatest eagerness. You can have no idea how very fond I grew of my little charge; and though people said it was impossible I could rear it, or could know what food was suitable for it, I was determined, as mamma saw no objection to it, to try what I could do; and my care was over and over repaid by seeing it grow every day, and after awhile become a stout little, hale-looking, well-fledged sparrow, and with as much conceit about it too as any little sparrow that ever lived.

When I thought it was old enough for such a change of life, I borrowed a cage, and put it in, that it might be out of danger when I could not attend to it; but at other times it had the *free range* of our sitting-room, and hopped about,

and picked up crumbs and anything it liked, just as it chose. Very often I took it out walks with me, and it would sit in my hands, peeping out between my fingers, turning its little head first on one side, and then on the other, as if it were making observations on what it saw; and the little village children used to look on me and my bird with as much wonder as they would have done, I dare say, if one of those old-fashioned ladies that we see in pictures, with a hawk on her wrist, had come to life again, and walked through the village.

By the time we left the country, my sparrow was a full-grown bird, and had learned to know my voice, to come at my call, to sit perched on my shoulder while I learned my lessons, or walked about the house; to eat from my mouth, and to hop on my finger, and to look into my face with the prettiest pair of saucy black eyes you ever saw. And there never was such a tame, loving little creature: if I had been out, and had put him in his cage for the while, the moment he heard my voice on my return, he screamed for joy, and fluttered against the wires of his cage to come to me. Poor little fellow! it really makes me sad now to think of him, and how he used to nestle down in my bosom, and lie for hours the happiest creature that ever was. My bird, I assure you, was considered quite a curiosity; and every body that

came to the house was filled with astonishment at its singular attachment to me, and to see how it would follow me up and down the house just like a dog, without seeming to have the least fear of any danger ; and I am sure it was happy, but always happiest when it was with me.

Now you must know that beside this favourite bird, I had a favourite cousin, about a year younger than myself, and she was to come and spend a few weeks with me. It was a great delight to me, you may be sure, to think of such a thing, especially because, excepting my baby-brother, who was too young to admire my sparrow, I had no companion ; and the idea of her loving it as I did, and having as much pleasure in it, made me quite impatient till she came. But I little knew the sorrow that she (though I believe unintentionally) was to bring me. I went to school, and being therefore absent several hours in the day, I intrusted my favourite to my cousin's care, giving her permission to feed it while I was away ; though I needed not have done that, for it had always twice as much food as it could eat. I am very sorry to tell the rest of the story, because she will seem so much in fault ; but you must remember she was a year younger than I was, and I am sure did not intend to do the mischief she did, for she is really a good-hearted little girl, and so you shall hear all about it.

She was very fond of sweetmeats, and always spent her money in purchasing them; and I suppose, because she thought them good, she fancied the bird would think the same; for, spite of my entreaties to the contrary, she would persist in stuffing him with them. Mamma said she would kill him, and I was terrified at the idea, and she was requested never to go near the cage; but it was then too late; the poor little fellow began to droop—his feathers looked rough and disordered—he had lost his sprightliness, and was evidently ill, and used to look into my face with such sad, dim eyes, as made my heart ache. I could not tell what to do for him; he was in this state for two or three days, and I used to take his cage at night into the chamber adjoining the one where my cousin and I slept, that I might get up as soon as it was light, to see how he was; and one morning when I went to him with a very sad feeling that it would be so, I found him dead. Poor little thing! he lay in the bottom of the cage on his back, with his thin legs stretched out, his claws contracted, and his beak and eyes open, as if he had died in agonies. You cannot think how these things touched my heart, and I hope they touched my cousin's too; and I hope, dear Alfred, you will take a lesson from it also, and never give any pet creatures that you may have, any other but food natural for them, or such

as they have been accustomed to ; for I am sure it must be very wicked, as I have heard mamma say, after having deprived one's little prisoners of the power of providing for themselves, to torture them to death by food so unnatural, that it acts on them no otherwise than as slow poison.

I am afraid, my dear Alfred, you will think I am grown very serious and dull at the end of my letter ; but considering that I have been writing on a subject that makes me sad, and that we have had a great deal of pleasure together, I hope you will pardon my gravity just now. When I write next, I will try to be more cheerful ; and in the meantime, believe me,

With love to your dear little sister,

Your affectionate friend,

A. M. H.

A LETTER FROM SCHOOL.

BY MISS WOOD.

You wish me, my dear sister, to tell you what we do at school: this will not be very difficult, but it will be very dull, because nothing *happens* at school, all comes regularly, and one day, as Mrs. Stafford says, "is the twin-sister of the other, at least they are first-cousins." It will be of no use merely to tell you that "we rise at six o'clock, prepare our lessons and exercises and show them, and go to bed at nine;" so I think I had better give you a few pages from my diary of this week. In this diary we enter any information we gain out of the general routine of the school, or the order of customary lessons, or anything we have done that we regret, and wish to amend.

Monday morning. Our geography lesson this *morning* was about Switzerland. It must be a

beautiful country,—rivers, waterfalls, lakes, and mountains in their greatest beauty; it is no wonder that the Swiss are so much attached to their native land, and are so patriotic in the defence of it, and, when absent, pine to return to it. Mrs. Stafford told us that when she travelled in Switzerland, in many villages she found the people so honest, they did not *mind* their shops, they merely put the price on the things, and those who wanted them came and carried off what they wished for and left the money behind. On Sunday morning they put pretty bunches of flowers over the door-posts. The mental arithmetic to-day was finding the squares and cubes of numbers; those who had not done it before had wooden cubes, large and small, by which the numbers to form squares and cubes were made evident to the sense of sight.

It had rained in the night, so we were able to work at our gardens: I found that my marvel of Peru had blown in the night; Mrs. Stafford told me that the French call it "*La Belle de Nuit*," on that account. In a hot sunny day it keeps its petals closed.

In the history of France, which we are now reading, is a curious account of the charities of Robert the Pious, who used to feed a beggar under his table with pieces off his own plate, and used to have 300 beggars living in

his palace. For our lesson on objects to-day Mrs. Stafford gave us a very nice account of water; she began by saying, "that it is supposed there is not one drop of water more in the world now, than there was at the creation of the world." At first we all thought this could not possibly be true, but it was explained very clearly to us, how the rain falls on the earth and how it passes through the stones and clay; at last it meets with rocks and is forced up again in springs; then these springs fall into rivulets, many of these rivulets form a small river, and many small rivers a very large one, which empties itself into the sea; and then the sun shining on the sea heats the water, and it turns into steam, and becomes light enough to rise in the air; it continues rising until the air it meets with is of its own weight, after that it is formed into clouds, and again it returns to the earth. We wrote down, also, the several names of water and its several properties, the last was a very long list.

In the evening we walked by the river side; we saw a fine spiral purplish red flower growing close by the water; Mrs. Stafford told us it was a lythrum. It is a very fine flower for a wild flower, that is to say, for a wild flower in England, as all our green-house flowers are wild flowers somewhere. The also,

the amaryllis, and, in the woods of America, the cactus and kalmia, grow wild, and may be gathered without asking leave, like daisies and buttercups.

Tuesday. This morning we thought it was raining, but in a short time we discovered it was a shower of small flies, with long wings and little dots of bodies. All the spiders' webs were filled with them. Little Ida said, "It was a pleasant day for spiders and birds—so much for them to eat." We thought afterwards that they had either eaten too much or that they did not like such little shrimps for dinner, for the webs remained full the whole day. To-day we saw for the first time a beautiful flower called the hippomia. It is large like a convolvulus; it is major than the major convolvulus, and of that lovely blue, the blue of a summer's day sky, a colour not often found in flowers,—the forget-me-not blue.

To-day we were quite puzzled by little Ida asking us when we should see the man who invented gunpowder. It proved to be Guy Fawkes she meant.

This afternoon we had a remarkable event—we went to an old castle. We expected to see an immense building on an eminence, with a moat round it, and a draw-bridge, and a portcullis; and we expected to see a dungeon and heavy chains fastened to the wall. It proved to be a

castle built like the French chateaux of the present day, not at all like a fortress. It was seated in a very peaceful manner, on a fine lawn, surrounded with magnificent trees — the lofty cedar, with its flat table-like branches; the graceful bending willow; the rich round form of the Spanish chestnut.

Thursday. To-day we had to write about the difference of courage and fortitude, and give instances from history of both. We all thought of Lady Russell for fortitude, and Fabricius and the elephants. It was very difficult for us all to get different examples of fortitude and courage, and one said, "I take Alfred;" "I shall take Pepin le Bref," said another; and another, "I will have Algernon Sydney," "John of France," and "the Black Prince," and "Curtius and the Gulf."

I construed to-day part of Ovid's "Death of Phæton," and was very much pleased to be reminded of Mrs. Barbauld's clever parody on *Evenings at Home*, called "Phæton Junior." Phœbus ought not to have promised to grant Phæton's request, without knowing what it was for; it was equally wrong to fulfil his promise as to break it, as so much misery ensued. Ovid says that the source of the Nile is yet undiscovered—

"Acculuit caput quod adhuc latet."

We know better; thanks to Bruce.

This evening, during tea-time, we had to find out some particular thing or things which Mrs. Stafford thought of by the answers she made to our questions. We found one was composed of a vegetable substance with a slight admixture of a mineral; that in the literal meaning of the word, it was a manufacture, as it was made by the hand; that these particular ones of which she thought (and they were generally found in numbers), were of various shades, from white to dark brown and black, well proportioned, symmetrical, and as broad as they were long; that they were celebrated in English history; that if they had not been black or dark brown, they would not have been renowned; that they were of sufficient importance to be placed under the guardianship of a king, and that the king had neglected to give undivided attention to them, and hence caused their destruction. The king was accused, by one of his subjects, of misconduct, and a civil (or uncivil) war arose, in which the king was beaten. The whole transaction was considered worthy of being dramatised in after-ages. The real owner of the treasures was afterwards made a bishop, and became a great favourite with the king. After various ridiculous guesses this was at length discovered.

Friday. We have been making a collection of the leaves of forest trees, real native trees. We all rejected the Spanish chestnut as a foreigner,

when really it is our own fellow-countryman, and the horse-chestnut, with its Saxon name, is an importation. We had great pleasure in finding the wayfaring tree, because we could write under our specimen those beautiful lines from the "Book of the Seasons," about the origin of its name.

Our mental arithmetic to-day was on fractions. I remember once thinking it quite impossible that I could ever calculate fractions; but now eighths and sevenths are not much more difficult than sevens and eights; and Isabella says that she does not think the letters and signs in algebra much more puzzling now.

This evening at tea we played at the Traveller. One says, "Where have you been?" Then the next person answers, "To Paris," &c., or "Morocco," &c. "Then you have brought with you some tapestry, or some dates," or whatever the place is famed for. When Laura said she been to Italy, Charlotte said, "You have brought back the Alps!" We were amused to think how she could pack them up; but she had to think again, for the Alps were not allowed to travel. After one round of the different productions, we had to tell what celebrated person we had seen—of course we paid no regard to dates, and one said Henry the Fourth; another, Themistocles, Buonaparte, Prince le Boo, &c. Mrs. Stafford said that this play would explain

to us the meaning of anachronisms, making things happen at wrong times.

This morning we were awakened by Celia coming into our room when it appeared scarcely light ; she had heard the bell ring, which the servant had rung by mistake, and thought it was time to get up ; it could not have been much more than twelve o'clock, for we looked through the blinds, and saw a carriage returning from a party ; it was quite moonlight. We advised her to go to bed, and tell the rest in the room to do the same.

Saturday. We were much amused to-day by an extract from the works of a French poet in the reign of Charles the Fifth, as we could judge by the advice he gives the ladies, what their usual manners were. He tells them "to walk in an orderly manner, and not to run and jump in the streets ; not to laugh in church time ; and those of them who can read, to take their books ; to be neat in their persons, and keep their nails cut ; and when walking out, not to look in at people's windows, and not bounce into the rooms of their friends, &c. ; and on no account to steal and tell lies!!!" When we told Made-moiselle, she said "she was sure that the French ladies were never so *malhonnêtes*, as to require such advice!"

This evening, at tea, we had to find out something fixed on by our own cross-ques-

tioning. It was animal, vegetable, and mineral; of varied shades of brown; very long compared with its width; although not a bird, it might be said to fly; it was a fatal present from a subject to a king, and spoken of in English history. We asked Mrs. Stafford to-day if she could tell us how spiders crossed from one height to another, as we had all puzzled about it in the garden and could not discover. She said "that the subject had occupied the attention of many entomologists; that they had not come to any positive conclusion, but that some very nice experiments had been tried; that a spider had been put on a stick in the middle of a small pond, it ran up and down the stick several times spinning a thread, this it cut off, and the thread being wafted to the opposite bank, it had a bridge to walk over, and was soon on land again." We often see spiders' lines floating in the air, so I suppose they have been spun for bridges;—how wonderful! With its small eyes and little mind it must have calculated how many times it must go up and down the stick to make a line long enough to reach over to the land! We had a new game this evening at tea called the Cyclopædia. The youngest begins, and names some person or thing, or place, beginning with the letter A, with a short description of it; after a round of A's, we begin with B's. It will be very difficult when we get

to Q, and X, and Y, and Z. Mrs. Stafford told us to-day of a school which was burnt down when all the scholars were out walking, and when they returned, not a wall of the house was left. "How nice!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, "the girls must all have gone home!"

Mrs. Stafford smiled, and said she had told us this on purpose to find out what would be our first expressions, and they proved quite characteristic of school-girls! What that characteristic is, we were to find out—I am afraid it is selfishness.

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THE SILK-WORM.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

SILK-WORM on the Mulberry-tree,
Spin a silken robe for me ;
Draw the threads out fine and strong,
Longer yet—and very long,—
Longer yet—'twill not be done
Till a thousand more are spun.
Silk-worm, turn this Mulberry-tree
Into silken threads for me !

II.

All day long, and many a day,
Busy silk-worms spin away ;
Some are ending, some beginning—
Nothing think they of but spinning !
Well for them ! Like golden light
Make the thread so smooth and bright ;
Golden-hued the silk must be,
Woven from the Mulberry-tree !

III.

Ye are spinning well and fast ;
'T will be finished all at last.
Twenty thousand threads are drawn,
Finer than the finest lawn !
And as long, this silken twine,
As the Equinoxial Line !
What a change ! the Mulberry-tree
Turneth into silk for me !

IV.

Spinning ever ! Now 'tis done,
Silken threads enough are spun !
Spinning, they will spin no more—
All their little lives are o'er !
Pile them up—a costly heap !—
Each in his coffin gone to sleep !
Silk-worm on the Mulberry-tree,
Thou hast spun and died for me !

ALBERT ;
OR, THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

BY MISS TRIMMER.

IN a narrow but beautiful valley in Savoy, is a village inhabited entirely by very poor peasants, who keep herds of goats, and cultivate a little barley and flax in their small fields on the level part of the valley. It frequently happens, during the long winter of this country, that the snow falls to the depth of twelve or fourteen feet, which renders impassable the only path by which the inhabitants of these few chalets can go to the larger village on the other side of the mountain boundary. They are thus shut out from the rest of the world sometimes for several weeks together. One of the best built chalets belonged to a family consisting of a man, his wife, and two little boys ; the elder, whose name was Albert, was ten years' old, and the younger six. Towards the end of the preceding summer the poor man

had been hurt by a fall from a rock, whilst in pursuit of a chamois, and the lameness which ensued had kept him for some time confined to the little straw bed that occupied one corner of the chalet. Although he was now considerably better, he could not walk further than to the bench under the large fir-tree which grew before their door. Albert was a very active, good-natured boy, and did everything he could to save his poor father trouble ; he took care of the goats, and frequently walked three miles to the next village beyond the mountain ; here his uncle lived, who was a rich cowherd, and often sent milk and cheese to his poorer brother in the little valley. The snow had now continued so long, and was become so deep, that although it was already two months since Albert had visited his uncle, there was yet no prospect of his being able to pass the mountain. The little store of provisions which the careful mother had collected was nearly all consumed, and as the village contained no shop or stores of any kind, these poor people were all obliged to fetch the few things that were necessary to satisfy their humble desires from the village in the neighbouring valley. One gloomy evening they were all sitting mournfully around the few fagots which blazed on the hearth, the wind whistling among the rustling firs on the side of the mountain, and the snow beating against the one small casement.

of the room. "How many days longer do you think our food will last, my dear wife?" asked Michel. Lisette dared not tell her husband how low their stock was, as she knew that it was quite impossible for him to obtain relief; and she hoped every day that the melting of the snow would enable either her or Albert to visit their kind relation the còwherd, who was the only friend they had in the world. She therefore answered, as cheerfully as she could, that they had still some goat's-milk cheeses and a few potatoes, which, with care, might last them sometime longer. Albert listened attentively to the conversation of his parents, and sat silently and mournfully, although his little brother wished him to play with him, and wondered what made them all look so sorrowful. Albert was convinced that, even with the greatest care, his mother would not be able to make their provisions last for another week's maintenance, and he had observed that, for several days past, she had contented herself with the smallest possible portion. He had always accustomed himself to take long walks, even when the ground was covered with snow, and more particularly during this winter, on account of his father's illness. He now thought to himself that the passage over the mountain could not be so much more difficult than many parts *he had* already often climbed over; and he *determined* that if the snow did not cease in the

course of two or three days he would make the attempt, being certain that without speedy aid from his kind uncle they must all soon starve. Two days had passed away, on the third morning the snow had ceased, and the wind howled less loudly. Albert was delighted, and resolved to set off the next day very early ; he then employed himself in preparing for the expedition by making short excursions about the valley. An old man whom he met asked him where he was going, Albert told him he intended to pass the mountain the next morning. The old man shook his head and said, "You are an active young lad, I know, and are accustomed to go over that dangerous path ; but I fear the weather is not yet sufficiently settled, and I have often known the snow storms return and overtake poor travellers on that exposed mountain." Albert assured him that he should set out very early, and would be back again before dark, besides, added he, "the sky is fast clearing, and the snow has already lasted longer than usual." The old man knew the good reasons that Albert had for going, and therefore said nothing more, but wished him success, and begged him not to delay a moment longer than was necessary at his uncle's, as darkness would add greatly to the difficulties of returning through the forest of firs. The whole family were rejoicing that evening that their troubles would now soon be at an end ; Albert looked

out often to see if it was starlight and clear over the mountain. Before daybreak he was awake ; indeed he had scarcely slept during the whole night for joy at the thought of bringing relief to his dear parents. When the first rays of the sun were shining on the summits of the mountains, Albert embraced his father and mother, kissed his little brother, and then, with his mountain-stick and small basket in his hand, came joyfully out of the chalet, and proceeded along the valley ; his faithful dog, who accompanied him everywhere, running by his side. His mother watched him till he turned into a winding path, and the projecting rock hid him from her sight. Tears came into her eyes when she thought of the perils he might have to encounter ; " Surely," said she, to her husband, " no one ever had a better son than our dear Albert, so kind and gentle, and yet so brave in undertaking any dangerous expedition." " He is, indeed, a very good boy," said Michel, " and I hope with all my heart he may not be too bold in this attempt, for I well know the dangers of that path when the ground is covered with snow." Albert, however, went on with a light heart, passed safely the little wooden bridge over a mountain torrent, and by the help of his iron-tipped pole climbed the steep and precipitous acclivities which led up to the forest of firs ; here the path was entirely effaced by the snow, but by marks on the stems

of the firs he was enabled to trace his way. In a small open space, nearly at the end of the forest, was a little Gothic chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, where travellers usually stopped to rest and say a short prayer to the Virgin for protection down the dangerous path into the valley. Albert did not fail to stop as usual, and after a few minutes' rest set out with renewed courage to complete his journey. On arriving at the large chalet of his uncle, they were greatly surprised to see him, as no one had yet ventured down to their village. Poor Albert was so cold that it was sometime before he could recover sufficiently to relate the distress they had been in, and the necessity which had induced him to undertake the passage over the mountain. His kind uncle was much concerned at the sad history, and immediately collected some cheeses and other articles of food ; promising to come himself in a few days to see his brother, when he would bring with him more than Albert had strength to carry. Albert did not forget the good advice of the old man, and therefore, although rather unwilling to quit the warmth of the fire, bade adieu to his uncle, and, taking up the well-stored basket, set off on his return home. After a short time he perceived a thick mist hanging over the summit of a high pointed mountain, which experienced herdsmen always consider as a warning of the approach of bad weather, and

if it came over in the summer, when they were on the exposed pastures with their herds, they drove them directly to shelter. Notwithstanding this appearance, Albert thought of nothing but the pleasure that his return would give to his starving family. He found the ascent, however, more difficult than the descent; and the weight of his basket impeded his progress so much, that by the time he had attained the top of the precipice it was already dusk, and the gathering clouds added to the gloom of the approaching darkness. Before he had reached the entrance to the forest the wind had suddenly arisen, and was now howling awfully through the trees; the cold was also greater than in the morning, so that he could scarcely feel whether he had the basket in his hand or not. In a few minutes more a violent storm of snow came on, and, driving directly in his face, entirely prevented his seeing the footsteps which he had made in the morning, and ~~had~~ hitherto served as a guide. With the greatest difficulty he made his way to the small chapel; overcome by cold and fatigue, he fell on the ground, intending to rest only a few minutes to recover strength, and, if possible, to restore warmth to his frozen fingers by rubbing them. His faithful dog lay down beside him and looked piteously in his face. In a very *short* time he unconsciously fell asleep. It was *in vain* that the dog barked, and whined, and

pulled the clothes of his young master ; no effort of his could awaken him,——Albert was asleep for ever !

The grief and distress of Michel and Lisette, as the dreary hours of the night passed away without the wished-for return of Albert, can be better imagined than described. Before daylight the next morning a scratching noise was heard at the door of their chalet ; Lisette ran to open it, but what was her horror on seeing only the dog with the basket in his mouth ; the sagacious animal moaned and howled in a most piteous manner, and by various signs endeavoured to make Michel follow him out of the chalet.

The melancholy fate of the good Albert was long remembered by the inhabitants of the retired valley ; and even now, when, during the short summer, a traveller chances to pass by the little chapel of the Virgin, the guides will seldom fail to relate the sad tale of "*Le pauvre petit Savoyard.*"

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

IN a small village on the sea-shore near Catania, in Sicily, lived a poor fisherman and his wife ; they had only one son, named Lorenzo, who was a good and industrious boy. Although poor, they lived happily, and were contented with their humble lot. Their cottage was indeed small, but very neat and comfortable ; the sloping hill behind it had by degrees been converted into a little vineyard, and a large fig-tree shaded the doorway and hid from sight the window. Lorenzo, or, as he was generally called, Renzo, was very fond of accompanying his father when he went out to fish, and was of great use to him in taking care of the nets, and mending them whenever they required it. For Renzo was not

like some of the boys of this village, who played on the sea-shore, or idled about all day long. By the time he was thirteen years' old, his father could trust him with the boat, in calm weather, to go to the neighbouring towns on the coast with fish: on such occasions Renzo always kept near the shore, because in those times there were many fierce corsairs about the sea, who did not scruple to seize any small vessel that came in their way, however harmless the owners of it might be. One fine day in summer Renzo set sail for Catania, promising his parents not to delay in selling his fish, and to return before dark. He had not been in the market-place many minutes before his basket was quite emptied, for everybody liked to buy fish of Renzo, because they could depend upon his honesty and truth. He had not long, however, left the harbour to return home, before the wind changed, and suddenly became so high as to oblige him to keep away from the shore, lest he should be driven on the rocks; at last a violent gust drove the little boat much farther out to sea than it had ever been before without the more experienced guidance of the fisherman himself. To the great alarm of Renzo a large vessel appeared sailing towards him, and he soon perceived that it belonged to an Algerine corsair. Poor Renzo used his utmost exertions to sail away from this dreaded enemy, *but all his efforts were fruitless; before a quarter*

of an hour had elapsed, the terrified boy was taken on board the Algerine vessel. It was long before he could recover his senses sufficiently to know the sad situation he was in,—then he thought with inexpressible anguish on his dear parents and happy home. When the vessel was taken into port, Renzo, together with many others, were offered for sale to a Turkish officer, who selected Renzo on account of his intelligent countenance and active appearance. His time now passed in a most miserable manner—he was treated with great severity, and kept to extremely hard labour. After some time he attracted the notice of his master's son, Abdallah, who was nearly of his own age. In the intervals of leisure which were allowed to Renzo, he amused himself with making several pretty things out of bone, or wood. One day Abdallah, happening to pass through the court whilst Renzo was attempting to make the model of a little boat, stopped to look at it, and was much surprised at the neatness and ingenuity of that and various other articles which Renzo showed him. From this time Abdallah became very fond of Renzo, and endeavoured, by many little acts of kindness, to alleviate the unhappy condition of the young slave. After a few years had passed in this manner, Abdallah was one day bathing in the sea, according to his constant custom, when a strong current suddenly carried him away, and he must inevitably have

perished had not Renzo, who was at work within sight, observed the danger, and in a moment plunged into the water, at the hazard of his own life, and saved that of his young friend and master. The affection of Abdallah towards Renzo was now heightened by gratitude, and he frequently entreated his father to set him at liberty ; all, however, was in vain, the hard-hearted Turk was deaf to his prayers and earnest persuasions. Although Renzo had been comparatively happy since Abdallah had become his friend and had shown him so much kindness, still he often sighed for his dear native country, and his generous-hearted friend resolved that he should return there. With this determination he one night conveyed him secretly on board an English merchant-ship that lay off Algiers, embraced him, and took leave of him with tears. On his return to Sicily, Renzo flew immediately to his former abode, which he had descried at a distance on the green hill overlooking the sea. To his great grief and disappointment he found it empty and deserted ; but an old man, who lived near, recognised him, and soon relieved him by telling him that his parents were lately removed to a more commodious habitation, in the midst of a vineyard on the opposite hill, that had been left them by a relation. The meeting between Renzo and his parents I need not attempt to describe ; nor how long and anxiously they had watched at their cottage door for

the return of the little boat, until the shades of evening had enveloped sea and land ; nor how the poor fisherman and his wife might have been constantly seen gazing along the shore towards Catania, whilst the earliest rays of the rising sun were shining on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and sparkling on the little casement through the thick branches of the fig-tree. — Nothing was now wanting to their happiness ; Renzo and his father occasionally put to sea in a larger boat than the one they formerly possessed ; but it was no longer necessary that they should venture out in bad or dangerous weather to procure maintenance ; and as the latter became less able to bear the hardship and fatigue of a fisher's life, he remained at home, and directed Renzo in the cultivation of their garden and vineyard. After many years had passed thus happily, the good old man and his wife ended their days in peace, and Renzo was left alone in the little vineyard. One of his friends being about to sail from Catania, asked Lorenzo to go with him in his vessel to Genoa. He consented, and after a prosperous voyage they entered the spacious harbour. In passing through a part where some galley-slaves were at work, how great was his surprise on hearing a well-known voice exclaim, " Oh ! my friend Lorenzo ! " He instantly recognized, though in the dress of a slave, his former friend Abdallah, who had been taken by

a Genoese galley whilst on a voyage to Aleppo. Generosity and gratitude incited him to give Abdallah all the money he could then spare, but it was not nearly enough to purchase his ransom, and Abdallah had no means of obtaining the necessary sum. Lorenzo forgot all his desire to see the wonders of Genoa, of which his friend had spoken to him during the voyage; but went away, after having comforted and endeavoured to console Abdallah, promising to return within two months. He speedily met with the captain of a vessel ready to sail for Sicily. On arriving there he immediately sold his vineyard, which was in an excellent state of cultivation, and then returned with the money to Genoa, where Abdallah was anxiously awaiting his arrival, although he little foresaw his generous intentions. Lorenzo, with the produce of the vineyard, had more than sufficient to ransom his friend, whose joy at such an unexpected act of liberality was indescribable; he could with difficulty resolve to return to Algiers, as Lorenzo had arranged. The latter once more sailed for Sicily, where by industry he was already beginning to have hopes of recovering his vineyard. Abdallah, however, could no longer be happy without Lorenzo, and accordingly set sail for Catania, repurchased his vineyard for him, and considerably enriched him. From this time the two friends were never separated, but both lived together to a good old age, often recounting

their extraordinary adventures to the children of the village.

E. T.

FABLE.

THE BLOCK OF MARBLE AND THE DROP OF WATER.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTOLA.

THE hard and solid marble block
Resisted long the beetle's shock,
And with determined, stubborn pride
The chisel's sharpest strokes defied,
Till skilful sculptors, in despair,
Confessed their art was baffled there ;
And masons left it, in disdain,
A shapeless mass upon the plain.

*Forgotten in the sylvan shade,
The long-obdurate marble laid,*

Where from the fountain on the hill
A limpid drop was trickling still ;
And through the leaves with constant course
Descending from its limpid source,
It fell unceasingly upon
The rugged bosom of the stone ;—
Not with rude force, but day by day
It wore its sure but silent way,—
And the rough marble's stubborn breast
At length its gentle power confessed ;
And where stern strength its might essayed
And failed—that drop impression made ;
And to its very heart at last
By persevering softness past.

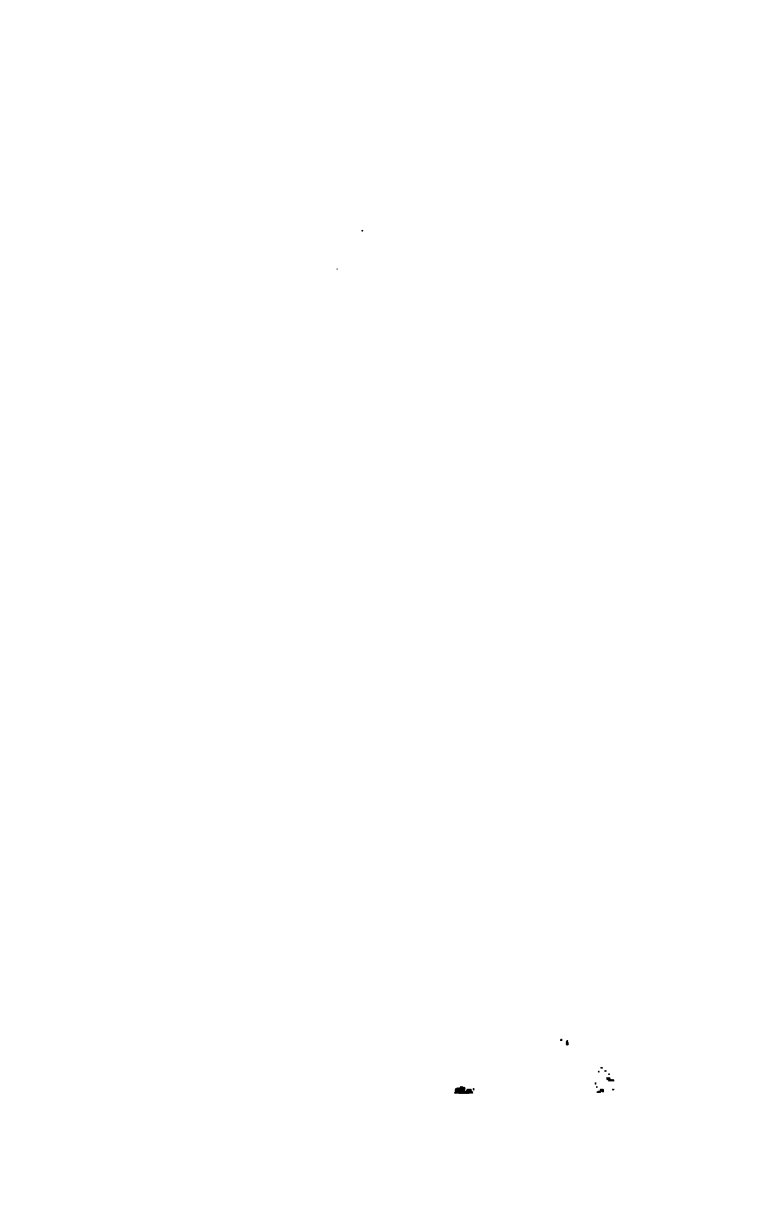
How much by gentleness we gain
Which violence could ne'er obtain.

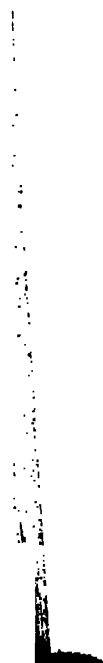
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